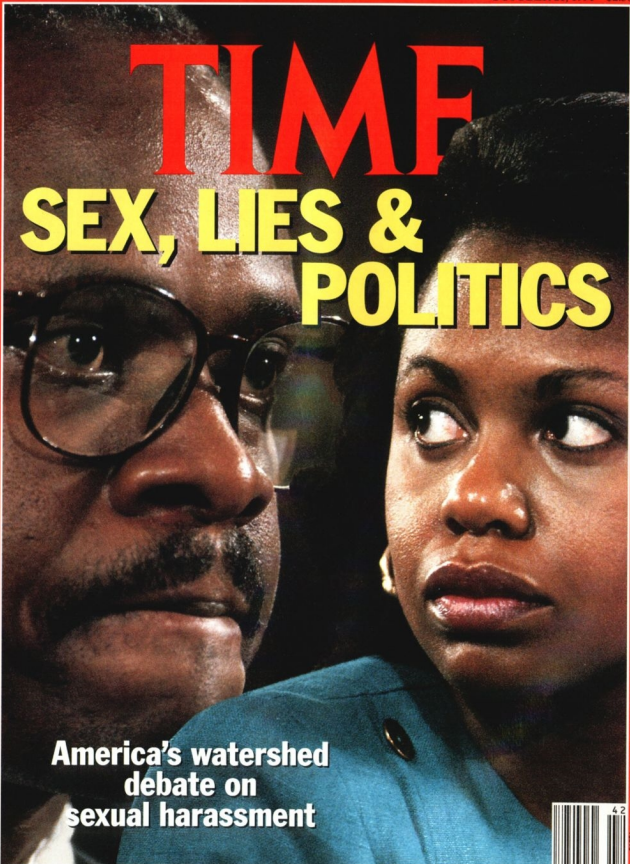


OCTOBER 21, 1991 \$2.50

TIME

SEX, LIES & POLITICS



America's watershed
debate on
sexual harassment



724404 1

HAVE YOU
SEEN THE '90'S
TAKING SHAPE? A
RETURN TO TRADITION,
BUT ALSO A HUNGER FOR THE
LATEST THING. A CAR DRIVEN
TODAY MUST HAVE THE SAME
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TO WAKE THE SOUL WITH A TRADITION
OF QUALITY TO QUIET IT. INTRODUCING
THE NEW FORD TAURUS. NEW STYLE. NEW
ENGINEERING. WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF SIX
AWARD WINNING YEARS NO JOHNNY-COME-LATELY
CAN MATCH. AND THESE DAYS, CAN YOU AFFORD ANY LESS?



The day the rules for life insurance were broken.

The day started innocently enough. A Prudential executive began a visit to an AIDS hospice. The last thing on his mind was a desire to change the rules for life insurance. After all, they had served the public well for

Because of the Living Needs Benefit, terminally ill patients would finally have some financial control in the last days of their lives.

over 100 years, and there was no reason to think they had to be changed.

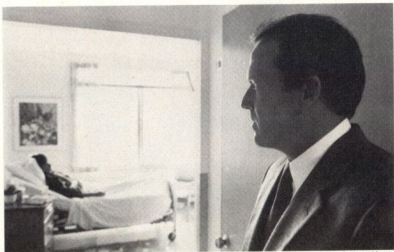
But what he learned that day shocked him. Many patients at the hospice had lost everything. AIDS was not only taking their lives, but their dignity. They had lost their apartments. Bills had gone unpaid. They had no money for nursing care. Yet many patients, he discovered, had a life insurance policy. Was there a way for them to receive some of the death benefit themselves, he asked himself. There had to be a way. Had to be, he told himself over and over as he walked among the suffering patients.

He found that way.

That day was the beginning of a program that would be called The Prudential Living Needs Benefit[™]. Terminally ill people with less than 6 months to live, or those who were expected to be permanently confined to a nursing home, could now receive the value* of their death benefit in advance no matter what their illness.

Those who needed it would finally have some financial control in the last days of their lives.

One terminally ill patient bought some new clothes because he had lost so much weight. Another, a washing machine because he didn't have the strength to walk to the laundromat. A number of terminally ill patients received life-saving organ transplants.



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The Prudential does not charge an extra premium for this service. By simply adding a rider to an eligible Prudential life insurance policy you can qualify for the Living Needs Benefit.

Dignity, we believe, is something you shouldn't have to pay for.

If you would like to know more about The Prudential Living Needs Benefit please call 1-800-654-ROCK.



THE LIVING NEEDS BENEFIT[™]

*The death benefit is discounted for early payment.

Request for approval pending in New York State.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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The Ugly Circus

Millions watched a spectacle of shocking charges and bitter denials, but where was the truth?

HER WORD AGAINST HIS:

Two credible witnesses, two irreconcilable stories

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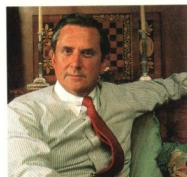
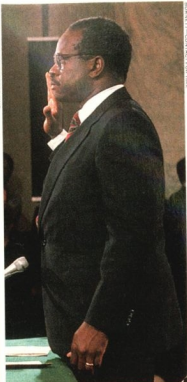
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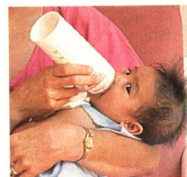
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FROM THE MANAGING EDITOR

Walter Isaacson is what some people like to call a "hard-news" person. In his 13-year career at *TIME*, he has worked as a writer in *Nation*, a correspondent in the Washington bureau, and later editor of *Nation*. Named assistant managing editor in July, Walter presides over what we call the back of the book, the various departments that cover news in the sciences, society and culture. But that does not mean he now considers himself a "soft news" person. "The distinction between hard news and soft news has become irrelevant, even meaningless," he says. "News is whatever is current that affects our lives, interests us or provokes us to think about the world."

Actually, our co-founder Henry Luce thought the same way back in 1923, when he organized *TIME* as a magazine that would cover not only national affairs and foreign news but also religion, education, science, business and art. Among the first cover subjects were Joseph Conrad, Jack Dempsey and Ethel Barrymore. "TIME's conception of human nature . . . and TIME's value judgments run through all the fields of endeavor and all the categories of human aspirations and speculations," he said on the magazine's 40th anniversary. That philosophy is now more compelling



Assistant managing editor Walter Isaacson

"The distinction between hard news and soft news has become irrelevant, even meaningless."

than ever. Important social issues like date rape, the deterioration of the environment and the troubles of America's education system are news; so are advances in medicine and cultural phenomena. "When the movie *Thelma & Louise* came out, it struck a chord," notes Walter, "so it became news for us as well as a review."

A graduate of Harvard and Oxford, Isaacson learned journalism the old way: as a police reporter for the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, his hometown paper, and later for the London *Sunday Times*. He landed at *TIME* in 1978, contributed some memorable coverage of the 1980 presidential campaign, and has won three Overseas Press Club Awards for his writing. Co-author of *The Wise Men*, a collective study of six men who shaped American foreign policy during the cold war, he has written a biography of Henry Kissinger that is due out next fall.

"Walter is a voracious assimilator of information," says Jim Kelly, a friend and senior editor. "He's the kind of person who can discourse with equal intelligence on Cajun music, the Philby spy ring and medical ethics. His journalistic mind is at work at least 18 hours a day." All that energy is now at the service of readers who look to our back of the book for information and understanding.

Hy Miller

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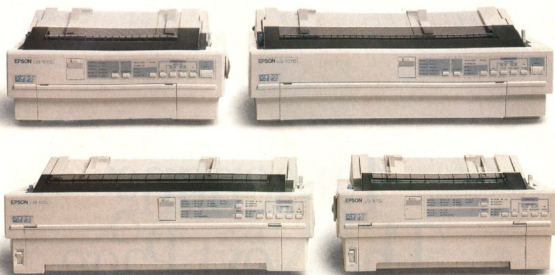
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For sheer paper handling flexibility, no other printer—dot matrix, ink jet or laser—handles quite as well as these.

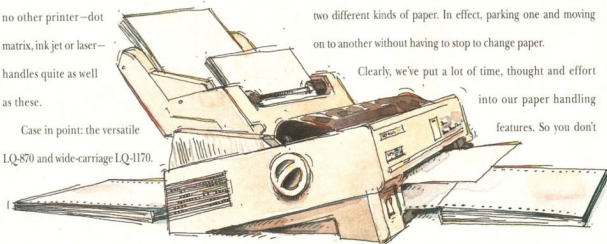
Case in point: the versatile LQ-870 and wide-carriage LQ-1170.

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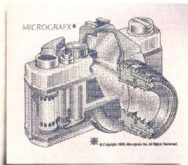
Epson printers aren't only designed with more firsts, they're designed to last. Each is backed by a generous 2-year limited warranty. As well as a helpful toll-free 800 number to provide you with dependable, expert assistance.



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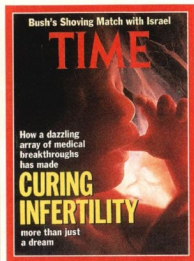
Servers

LETTERS

CURING INFERTILITY

"Our advice to other couples: don't give up."

Tim and Susan Terry
Lexington, Ky.



The dazzling array of medical breakthroughs known as alternative methods of reproduction [MEDICINE, Sept. 30] seem to make us forget that the end result of these efforts is a human being who, when grown up, will want to know, "Are you my biological mother, my surrogate or my designated adoptive parent? Just who am I?"

Joseph H. Davis, M.D.
Menlo Park, Calif.

As an infertility specialist, I congratulate you on calling to public attention the infertility epidemic faced by this country and much of the world. Those who are infertile now resort to the new technology much earlier, in preference to using older, conventional infertility treatments. The new technology works faster and better and, as I noted in my book, *How to Get Pregnant with the New Technology*, winds up costing less in the long run.

Sherman J. Silber, M.D.
St. Luke's Hospital
St. Louis

Adoption is not as easy as implied by your comment that it may be "more in society's interest to encourage intractably infertile couples to adopt." We were told that it could take from five to eight years to adopt a healthy infant and that costs could exceed \$15,000. In the interim, we attempt-

ed in-vitro fertilization. We are now expecting triplets, and we thank God each day for the miracle of modern medicine.

John and Lee Goodwin
Lawrenceville, Ga.

As one-half of an infertile couple, I wish I had a dollar for every time someone asked me, "Why don't you try in-vitro fertilization?" Maybe then we could afford the \$8,000-plus per cycle that it costs. The simple truths are, our insurance doesn't cover it, and we are not able to pay for it ourselves.

Karen Caine
Point Pleasant, N.J.

Having just put my three-year-old daughter to bed, I can hear her fishwife voice echoing down the hall, "Get me out of here, Buster." And I think back on the tests, procedures and expenses endured in order to conceive. Were they worth it? Yes, Buster, they most certainly were.

Nancy M. Spray
Fairfield, Conn.

Oh, great! The world's population is outstripping its resources, unwanted fetuses are aborted daily while the already born starve to death for lack of food, and here comes your story "Curing Infertility—More Than Just a Dream." Dream? Nightmare is more like it.

Ann Calhoun
Los Osos, Calif.

In the four years it took us to get pregnant, we had to endure two surgeries (one each), countless artificial-insemination procedures and doctors' comments such as "You'll never have a child." (We now have two.) Our advice to other couples: don't give up.

Tim and Susan Terry
Lexington, Ky.

Now if we could just find a cure for excessive fertility...

Charman Akins
Dallas

It is ironic that the sexual revolution, which has caused the death of millions of unborn babies through abortion, is also responsible for countless infertility problems. The attempt to find solutions for childless couples raises even more troubling ethical questions.

Dolores B. Vining
Fairport, N.Y.

U.S.-Israeli Face-Off

I am against Israel's building new settlements in the West Bank, and I am for giving back most of the occupied territories as part of a peace settlement. However, I resent the linking of U.S. loan guarantees to the peace process [WORLD, Sept. 30].

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LETTERS

President Bush did not go to war with Iraq in order to defend Israel, as he has implied. He went to war to save Kuwait and safeguard American interests. As an Israeli citizen, I believe we cannot rely on any government except our own.

Ruth Lerner
Tel Aviv

If the U.S. accepted more Soviet Jews, there would be fewer settlements in the occupied territories. As a less hospitable nation, America is in an awkward position criticizing Israel in this matter.

Ellen I. Amsterdam
Santa Rosa, Calif.

Never mind the \$10 billion loan guarantees Israel is asking for. Why is the U.S. giving \$3 billion a year in aid to a country that refuses to abandon an illegal settlement policy that acts as an obstacle to peace? At the same time the U.S. gives this money to Israel, it wonders where it can get funds to encourage and keep alive the Soviet reform movement. Wouldn't it make more sense to use the limited U.S. financial resources to support behavior around the world that is in American interest and discourage policies the U.S. disapproves of?

Henry Krochmal
Ellington, Conn.

At last, Americans, through their President, showed their real face, betraying their former friend Israel. We Jews have always been alone in our fate except for one supporter, the U.S. During the war with Iraq, Israel helplessly withstood the Scud shelling, and that was O.K. with you. But now the U.S. sides with its new Arab friends and expresses its feelings freely. Shame on you!

Horacio Alberto Harkatz
Buenos Aires

Arens' Objection

Michael Kramer claimed in his article on U.S. aid to Israel [NATION, Sept. 30] that Israeli Minister of Defense Moshe Arens said long ago, "It doesn't matter who the President is as long as we have the Senate." I should like to point out that Mr. Arens never uttered those words, and they obviously do not reflect his opinion.

Danny Naveh, Adviser for Communication
to the Minister of Defense
Tel Aviv

Kramer, who was reporting a story for New York magazine at the time, heard Arens make this statement at an informal gathering at the King David Hotel in Jerusalem in the summer of 1982.

The Cost of Tears

I am amazed that in his piece about the appearance of tears in the eyes of public figures [ESSAY, Sept. 30] Philip Dunne did

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 12, 1970, SECTION 3685, TITLE 39, UNITED STATES CODE SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF

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B) Paid circulation	
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	220,000
2) Mail subscription:	3,943,000
C) Total paid circulation:	4,163,000
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means: samples, complimentary and other free copies:	193,000
E) Total distribution:	4,356,000
F) Copies not distributed	
1) Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	1,000
2) Return from news agents:	362,000
G) Total:	4,719,000

The actual number of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date:

A) Total no. of copies printed	4,649,000
Net press run:	
B) Paid circulation	
1) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales:	187,000
2) Mail subscription:	3,904,000
C) Total paid circulation:	4,091,000
D) Free distribution by mail, carrier or other means: samples, complimentary and other free copies:	190,000
E) Total distribution:	4,281,000
F) Copies not distributed	
1) Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing:	0
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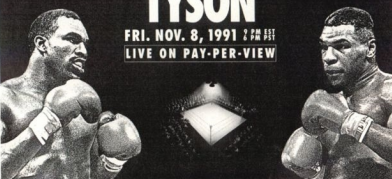
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FRI. NOV. 8, 1991 8 PM EST

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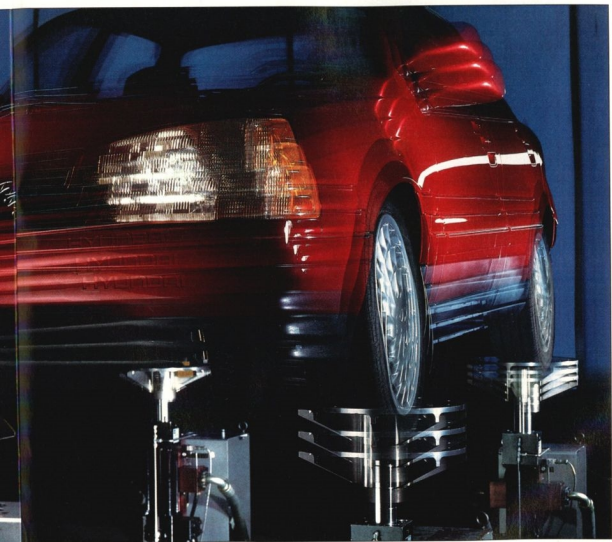
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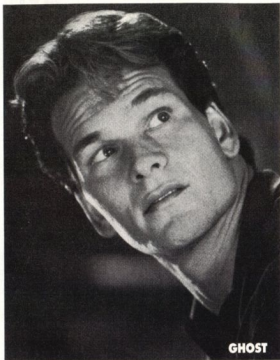
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LETTERS

not include the famous tears that cost front runner Edmund Muskie the 1972 Democratic Party nomination for President of the U.S.

*Bill Castro
Bonita, Calif.*

When Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder of Colorado withdrew from the 1988 presidential race, she wasn't castigated because she was moved to tears. The cheers turned to jeers when she totally lost control and collapsed in her husband's arms. As they saw her cry on a man's shoulder, her supporters cringed.

*Paul R. Ladyman
Sacramento*

Home on Montana's Range

I read with interest how the glamourati who have flocked to Montana have promised their lands to the Nature Conservancy to protect them from development [LIVING, Sept. 30]. Once groups such as that acquire land, they have been known to turn it over to the feds to maintain. Half the land in the West is publicly held. We do not need more of it, except in the case of particularly fragile environments.

*Ann R. Myhre
San Ardo, Calif.*

If Ted Turner wishes to raise buffalo on his Montana ranch because they were there first, then I suppose he would not mind if the descendants of the Sioux, Crow and other Native Americans who were vanquished along with the buffalo decided to settle on his property.

*Brad Holderman
Spring Valley, Calif.*

In describing how Montana ranchers use federal grazing land for their cattle, you state that "hikers and campers object to soiling their boots in high mountain pastures used by cows as summer feeding grounds and many of them want the cattle banned." This trivializes a valid complaint. The real issue is the involuntary taxpayer subsidization of cattle ranching and the vast destruction of natural habitat, not cow pies on hiking boots.

*Ruth Watling
Consultant on the Desert Environment
The Watling Co.
Mountain Center, Calif.*

Limbaugh's Leanings

Your article on the Rush Limbaugh show, produced and distributed by our company, well described his sense of humor and great intelligence [RADIO, Sept. 23]. It gave your readers a flavor of how energy-filled and entertaining his radio show is. However, Limbaugh's political views are not extreme. They reflect traditional American conservatism in 1991. What is untradi-

LETTERS

tional is his effective use of satire and parody to lampoon liberal political positions. He has no hate list and welcomes differing views with respect.

*John Axten, President
EFM Media Management
New York City*

The U.S. in Decline?

French banker Jacques Attali maintains that in high-technology products, the U.S. has a positive trade balance only in those sectors in which it has had a semi-monopoly: aerospace and computers [INTERVIEW, Sept. 30]. Attali forgot to mention pharmaceuticals. The U.S. leads the world in research and development of new medicines to treat a wide range of diseases. The U.S. research-based pharmaceutical industry maintains a trade surplus of close to \$2 billion worldwide and close to \$1 billion with Japan alone.

*Roger A. Brooks, Assistant Vice President
Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association
Washington*

Is the U.S. in decline? Of course it is. Does it matter? Maybe, maybe not. I have thought the biggest joke we could play on the Japanese would be to become a second-rate economic power that could not afford to buy all their consumer junk. On whom else are they going to unload it? The Africans? The South Americans? The Asians? Toyotas and VCRs are not essential to survival. Food and ecological diversity are. The collapse of the Soviet Union does not necessarily mean that capitalism has "won." The real question is whether economics is still a useful paradigm in a world awash in the effluent of industrialism.

*Douglas Abbott
Dublin, Calif.*

Yugoslavia Ignites

Your report "The Flash of War" certainly explains why the European Community failed to end the military turmoil in Yugoslavia [WORLD, Sept. 30]. By quoting the U.S. diplomat who stated, "The Croatian government is far from blameless or democratic, and it has severely discriminated against Serbs living in Croatia," you provide the key to the problem. You could have added that the slaughter of thousands of Serbs during World War II is still remembered. So, let us abide by an international agreement that will lead to peace.

*Branko Filipovic
Freiburg, Germany*

You are pro-U.S. in your analysis of the E.C.'s failure to administer an effective cease-fire in Yugoslavia. The combined efforts to establish a truce undermine your hypothesis that Europe was shirking a responsibility that might devolve upon American leadership. The U.S.'s recent

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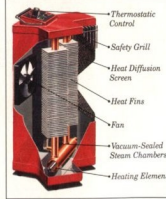
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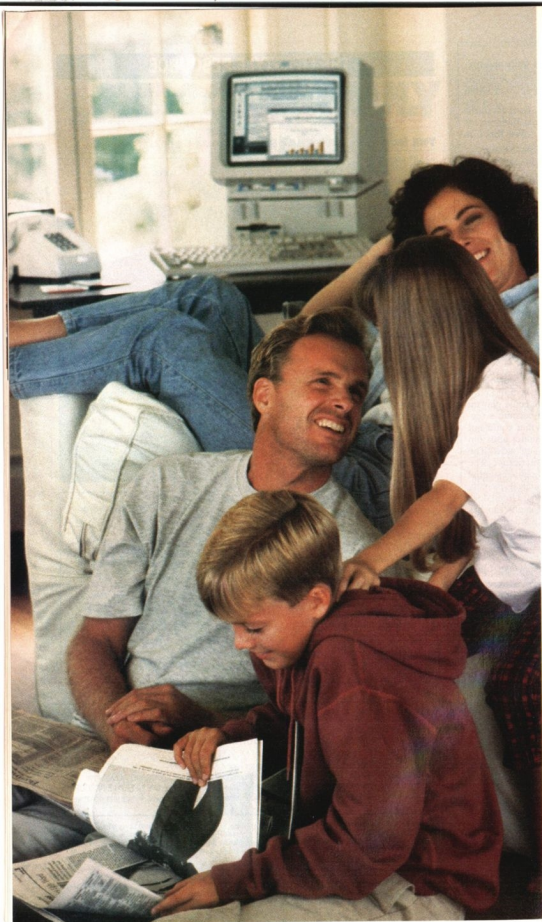
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LETTERS

toppling of deviant dictators—Ortega, Noriega—is dangerously close to playing the role of global cop.

Marco Folpmers
Amsterdam

Europe is not a melting pot like the U.S., where immigrants have accepted a loss of national identity. On the Continent, ethnic groups are called nations or nationalities. It is not tribalism but the Wilsonian idea of self-determination that inspires Croats, Slovenes, Macedonians and others. Formed after World War I, Yugoslavia was held together for seven decades by a royal, then a Titoist dictatorship. Now it is falling apart. So what? The disintegration of this artificial federation of states is a direct result of the unhappiness of its components.

Sandor Szilassy
Turnersville, N.J.

Guns N' Roses N' Mail



O.K., so hardly anybody who wrote to us liked Joe Queenan's article on Guns N' Roses and their two new albums [Music, Sept. 30].

Some folks just

didn't want to read about the rough-edged rock group at all. They thought it was a waste of space. Commented Frank E. Greene of Center Harbor, N. H.:

"Surely there are things going on in the world of music better than this kind of garbage." A larger number of readers didn't agree with Queenan's negative assessment; two teenage fans found that "these men have created two albums that mirror what goes through many, many young people's minds." Sixteen-year-old Cameron Scott of Fort Lauderdale got so worked up he sent a seven-page handwritten letter with this advice to Queenan: "If you don't like it, for God's sake, don't listen to it."

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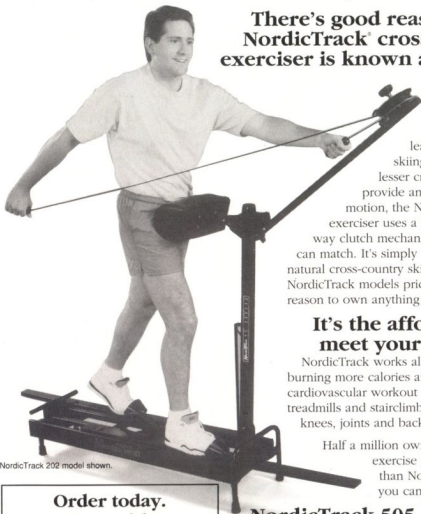
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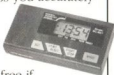
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CRITICS' VOICES

By TIME'S REVIEWERS/Compiled by Andrea Sachs



MOVIES

THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE.

As a play starring monologist Lily Tomlin, this was a solo dazzle and a terrific human comedy. Through a dozen or so characters, it provided a panoramic 20-year history of American womanhood. Her film version displays volcanic emotions, precisely explored.

BARTON FINK. The work of two gifted brothers, Joel and Ethan Coen (*Raising Arizona*, *Miller's Crossing*), this was the first film ever to accomplish the hat trick at the Cannes festival—Best Picture, Best Director and Best Actor. The Coens revise the legend of innocent talent corrupted by Hollywood.



ART

HOMECOMING: WILLIAM H. JOHNSON AND AFRO-AMERICA, 1938-1946. National Museum of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington. These 80 paintings showcase

one of America's most important but neglected painters. His works portray black experience, from the cotton patches to dance halls to city streets, in a primitive, folk-inspired style. Through March 1. A splendidly illustrated companion book, *Homecoming: The Art and Life of William H. Johnson* (Rizzoli; \$45), provides a comprehensive look at his life and work.



BOOKS

CHARLOT'S GHOST by Norman Mailer (Random House; \$30). This huge (1,300-plus pages) novel starts off briskly with some Mailerian melodrama and metaphysics and then bogs down in a recapitulation of one man's life in the CIA from the middle 1950s to the early '60s. It ends with the three most ominous words in recent American literature: "TO BE CONTINUED."

SCARLETT by Alexandra Ripley (Warner Books; \$24.95). This gilding-the-cornflower sequel to Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind* is at last in the bookstores, amid megabucks of hype. And frankly, my dear, it's not worth a damn.

RETURN TO THE FORBIDDEN PLANET

Maybe the college professors think Shakespeare produced only 37 plays, but this off-Broadway lark is the Bard's long-lost science-fiction rock musical. Small of scale and free of spirit, it features the obligatory mad monster, fair maiden, evil scientist and heroic space pilot. Sci-fi junkies will recognize the plot from the 1956 MGM flick *Forbidden Planet*, which the more literary-minded in turn saw as an amalgam of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* and dime-store Freud. (The killer demons were escapes from the id of a man who, like most sci-fi antiheroes, tried to play God.) Writer-director Bob Carlton blended that cult-movie narrative with snippets of dialogue, some in blank verse (and occasionally in blank mind), and a stompest of '50s and '60s rock standards (*Shake, Rattle and Roll*; *Great Balls of Fire*; *Born to Be Wild*). London bested on it the Olivier award, passing over Miss Saigon and Andrew Lloyd Webber's *Aspects of Love*. Now the song and story are back where they were born, in the U.S.A., and it all makes for a delightfully silly evening.



TELEVISION

CHILDHOOD (PBS, debuting Oct. 14, 8 p.m. on most stations). This seven-week series takes a broad cross-cultural look at the process of growing up. If the psychological insights don't win you over, the cute babies will.

THE WORLD SERIES (CBS, starting Oct. 19, 8 p.m. EDT). CBS has thus far taken a beanball in the ratings with its expensive baseball package. But a seven-game Series would go a long way toward making the network feel better.

DYNASTY: THE REUNION (ABC, Oct. 20 and 22, 9 p.m. EDT). And while the Series unfolds, ABC and NBC are counter-programming with a slew of female-oriented movies and mini-series. Here, the Carringtons and Colbys return for a fresh segment of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Once-Famous*.



MUSIC

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE ASBURY JUKES: BETTER DAYS (Impact). Juke-joint Nirvana, with Southside smoking his way through 11 smash tunes, mostly written by Little Steven Van Zandt, and holding his own with some heavy company, including Jon Bon Jovi and Bruce Springsteen. When Springsteen joins Johnny and Little Steven to sing *It's Been a Long Time*, you can hear friendship recalled and solidified—and a touch of history being made.

THE ALLEN TOUSSAINT COLLECTION (Reprise). The king of New Orleans R and B—one of the great all-time musical figures, in fact, in a town where legends come around as regularly as lunchtime. This is a package of 16 solid sides, including *From a Whisper to a Scream* and *What Do You Want the Girl to Do?*, culled from his middle-period, major-label

work. The very definition of funk; if you don't know Toussaint, your ears have never been baptized.

MISA FLAMENCA (Nimbus). Guitarist Paco Peña has adapted the texts of the Roman Catholic liturgy and set them to the extroverted melodic and rhythmic emotions of flamenco to compose this earthy, passionate Mass. His musicians and singers charismatically express love of freedom, resignation under oppression and an unconquerable faith that soars from an anguished soul.



THEATER

INHERIT THE WIND. What better way to celebrate the Bill of Rights' 200th anniversary than to revive this drama about the clash between freedom of speech and freedom of religion in Tennessee's 1925 "monkey trial" about evolution? Staged five times a weekend through Dec. 15 in an actual courtroom of Philadelphia City Hall, it features Malachy McCourt as William Jennings Bryan, and Jason Miller, Pulitzer-prizewinning author of *That Championship Season*, as his adversary, Clarence Darrow.

OUR LADY OF THE TORTILLA. When he's not winning Emmys for writing *Sesame Street*, Luis Santeiro is a shrewd satirist of fellow Cuban Americans, as in this off-Broadway piece about a woman's religious vision arising from scorch marks on her dinner.



ETCETERA

SPACESHIP EARTH (Worldlink). Tales of deforestation and ozone depletion set to the music of Sting, the B-52s and Ziggy Marley. This superb TV primer on the threats to planet Earth, now available on home video, is simple enough for children to understand and compelling enough to make their parents pay attention as well.

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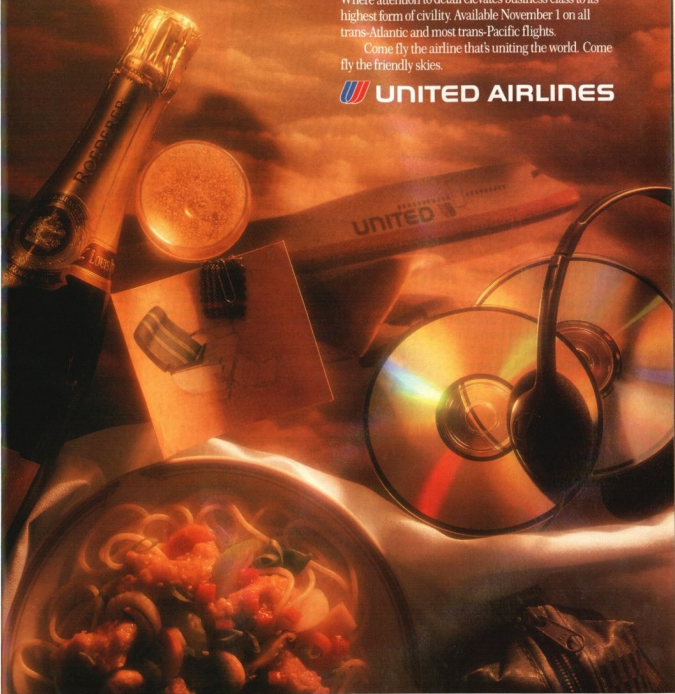
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INTERVIEW

grievances, whether that's an elected official or an appointed official. We also organize pickets in their neighborhoods.

Q. What's your complaint about police?

A. In some jurisdictions the police have systematically tortured people. It's a very low-grade torture, but it's torture nonetheless. When you have police pushing their knuckles into people's eye sockets or lifting people up by their jawbones, that's agonizing. What has me so irritated is that if we were any other group that was politically correct there would be a hue and cry from the media and from civil rights groups over such tactics. But because we are pro-lifers, because we are not a currently hip cause, we are ignored.

Q. Why did you once say "I hate the Renaissance"?

A. It sought to make man autonomous from God and from moral absolutes. Man is not autonomous from God, and man always has been and always will be accountable to God and his laws.

Q. You've denounced feminism repeatedly. If there had not been a women's movement, how would the world be different?

A. If by feminism you mean women's voting rights, equal pay for equal work, freedom from being harassed sexually on the job, then I am supportive of those objectives. However, if you will just look at the positions of the National Organization for Women, you will see a very antimalle, lesbian-oriented, Marxist-oriented, put-your-kids-in-day-care-and-go-out-and-pursue-a-career, proabortion mentality.

Q. In a country where most households need two paychecks, how would many families survive without day care?

A. I disagree. Most families do not need two paychecks. We're talking oftentimes of an antichild attitude. In most of Middle America, people can make it on one income.

Q. Though you would permit use of condoms and gels, you oppose many forms of contraception, including the pill and IUDs. Doesn't that virtually guarantee more single mothers and children in day care?

A. I believe that married couples who confess to be followers of the Lord Jesus Christ should leave the number of children they have in the hands of God. I believe there is a very antichild mentality in this culture. People don't want kids. They want money, they want bigger homes, they want a boat. I believe that there is a devil, and here's Satan's agenda. First, he doesn't want anyone having kids. Secondly, if they do conceive, he

wants them killed. If they're not killed through abortion, he wants them neglected or abused, physically, emotionally, sexually. Barring that, he wants to get them into some godless curriculum or setting, where their minds are filled with pollution. One way or another, the legions of hell want to destroy children because children become the future adults and leaders. If they can warp or wound a child, he or she becomes a warped or wounded adult who passes on this affliction to the next generation.

Q. You talk about wanting to base American government on laws of the Bible. What happens to a free society if you try to institutionalize biblical authority?

A. The freest societies are the societies that self-consciously try to build their laws and institutions around the principles and laws of the word of God. Why is rape al-

"Here's Satan's agenda. First, he doesn't want anyone having kids. Secondly, if they do conceive, he wants them killed. If they're not killed through abortion, he wants them neglected or abused . . . One way or another, the legions of hell want to destroy children because children become the future adults and leaders."

ways wrong? Because God says that it's wrong. Why is theft always wrong? Because God says that it's wrong. If you do not have the unchanging moral principles of Higher Law—and that's capital H and capital L—as the bedrock of your culture, then you are left with the ever shifting sand of the newest fad, the latest whim.

Q. How does that make you different from the Islamic fundamentalists who have established a theocracy in Iran?

A. I do not believe that the church should rule in this country. I believe in a constitutional republic. However, the underpinnings of the republic have got to be what God gave Moses on Mount Sinai and confirmed through the Lord Jesus.

Q. Where does that leave everyone who's not a Fundamentalist Christian?

A. They're going to be just as safe and free in a culture where it's wrong to murder and steal.

Q. Aren't there already laws against theft and murder?

A. Yes, and why? This country's roots are in the Puritans and people who believed in biblical values.

Q. Your group owes hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid court fines from previous blockades of abortion clinics. Do you plan ever to pay?

A. You can't get blood from a stone. Why aren't the people from ACT UP [a gay activist group] and the animal-rights protesters and the antinuke protesters being fined hundreds of thousands of dollars?


Q. What will you do if *Roe v. Wade*, the 1973 Supreme Court ruling that created a constitutional right to abortion, is overturned but many state legislatures vote to permit abortion in their own states?

A. We will continue to do rescue missions, boycotts and protests in the states where they are killing children, and we will work to change the face of the state legislatures. The apple is for the plucking for whoever is willing to do the work. Most nonpresidential elections are determined by 15% to 18% of the voting electorate. There is something like 20% to 25% of the electorate in this country who claim to be hard-core pro-life.

Q. A lot of people would say that the power of religious Fundamentalism in the U.S. peaked in the 1980s. Do you agree?

A. In the late '80s and early '90s, we're seeing a whole new wave of Christians come in, through two main venues. One is the Rescue movement. It brought in thousands and thousands of people who were not involved in the religious right or the Moral Majority. The other was the Rev. Pat Robertson's presidential campaign. Robertson brought out of the pew and into the process tens of thousands of new people, many of whom are still involved. Their full impact will not be felt until the 1996 election, the 2000 election, 2004.

The pollution and degradation of this culture did not happen overnight, and neither will our ability to reclaim it and reform it happen overnight. It's going to take a good half-generation to turn things around. The church for two full generations has been taking its brightest and its best and saying to them, Be a pastor or be a missionary. It's time we took our brightest and our best and said, Be a lawyer, be a judge, be a Governor, be the dean of a university, be the editor of a newspaper. We're involved in a cultural civil war. Right now there are very few Christians involved in the trench warfare. Part of my mission is to challenge Christian families to deliberately raise up their children to serve and to lead, in every walk of life.



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GRAPEVINE

By JANICE CASTRO/Reported by Sidney Urquhart

EUROPE'S NUCLEAR-FREE FUTURE

President Bush got the ball rolling in Europe when he called for the elimination of NATO's nuclear-tipped artillery shells and Lance missiles. Now he may not be able to stop it. Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands have told Washington that they want to finish the job by getting rid of the only nukes that would remain: the bombs carried by 1,100 American and 300 NATO aircraft. Joint Chiefs Chairman Colin Powell says the U.S. will keep the arsenal. But privately, senior U.S. officials concede that by the end of next year Europe will probably be a nuclear-free zone.

DISARMAMENT CAN CUT BOTH WAYS

As the Soviets scale back their arms as well, they've come up with a startling idea on how to beat nuclear swords into plowshares while earning some desperately needed hard currency. Commerce Department officials say a Soviet firm called NPO Energiya wants to convert nuclear-missile-bearing submarines into floating launching pads for satellites. The company, which developed booster rockets for the Soviet space shuttle, explains that once the warheads are removed, the sub-borne ballistic missiles can be used to carry commercial payloads into space. On the other hand, will all those unemployed Soviet nuclear experts be put to peaceful use? Despots may be yearning for their advice. Arms-control experts like Geoffrey Kemp are worried that Soviet scientists could be wooed by the highest bidders. Says he: "What if they're offered \$100,000 for six months in the sun?"

HASTA LA VISTA, GENERAL SANDINISTA

VIOLETA BARRIOS DE CHAMORRO may be President of Nicaragua, but Daniel Ortega's defeated Marxist party still controls the Sandinista Popular Army. Now a group of prominent Nicaraguans calling themselves the "Civilist Movement" are working quietly to remove this Sword of Damocles by abolishing the army altogether. Its peace-keeping functions would be turned over to the national police force, which is less political. The Civilist Movement wants to offer citizens a referendum on the issue, which war-weary citizens would be likely to approve in an honest election. After all, neighboring Costa Rica has got by without an army since 1948.

IF YOU DON'T GET IT, JUST FORGET IT

You know what they do: the politician who spews platitudes at ethnic voters. The guy who patronizes women on the issue of sexual harassment. The big-city police chief who downplays his department's gang beating of an errant motorist. What *don't* these folks do? They don't "get it." Suddenly the phrase is everywhere, a shorthand K.O. punch that vaporizes opponents by skewering their lack of social intelligence. And for public figures it can be fatal. If you just don't get it, you're hopelessly out of touch.

SCIENCE AND SACRILEGE ROIL THE FAITHFUL

It was a rough week for Italian saints. To start with, scientists in Milan announced that a mixture of iron chloride and calcium carbonate, which looks like dried blood, can duplicate a phenomenon that has long been regarded as the miracle of **ST. JANUARIUS**. A vial believed to contain blood from the 4th century priest is kept in Naples, where several times a year the contents spontaneously liquefy and then return to a powdery state. The researchers, who demonstrated the same phenomenon with the chemical compound, speculate that a chemist may have concocted a hoax. The next day, in Padua, four masked thieves broke into the basilica and stole a gold-plated, jewel-encrusted reliquary. It contained the jaw and teeth of **ST. ANTHONY**.



Soon to be a satellite launcher?



Nicaraguan troops near the Honduras border

VOX POP


Has the recession ended in your area?

Yes **13%** No **81%**

From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on Oct. 10 by Yankelovich Clancy Shulman. Sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%. "Not sure" omitted.



St. Anthony: Where did the relics go?



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not be all they're going
she has a handle on this
she's really, really,
cabinet



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language skills may
to be, and she's not sure
walking thing yet, but
good at opening
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Nation

TIME/OCTOBER 21, 1991

COVER STORIES

An Ugly Circus



Into the arena there came two gladiators, fourteen Senators and an audience of millions. But could anyone possibly declare victory when the spectacle was so repellent?

By NANCY GIBBS

The United States Senate is not a circus that children should attend. It is far too dangerous. Last week, as the lawmakers presided over the public evisceration of Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill, it became clear that this was a circus with an ancient history stretching back to the days when people were fed to lions. This was the kind with real victims, and no nets.

Hour after hour, an intensely personal drama was played out under achingly bright lights and devoured by tens of millions around the world. In a sense, America caught its first glimpse of the real Clarence Thomas, heard his voice for the first time after 100 days of confirmation torture. Gone were the handlers and the fancy advisers who had told him that when questioned about the most important legal issues of the day, he should hide his beliefs at all costs. Last week he sat there alone, reduced to surviving on discipline and guts and the memory of past victories hard won. It was difficult to listen to him slash at the Senators for their betrayal and not view him as the victim of terrible harm.

And then there was Professor Anita Hill, the poised daughter of so many generations of black women who have been burned carrying torches into the battle for principle. The cause of civil rights and social justice has so often fallen to them to defend. Harriet Tubman and Sojourner Truth were slaves by birth, freedom fighters by temperament. Rosa Parks was a tired seamstress who shoved history forward by refusing to give up her seat on the bus. Mechelle Vinson was a bank teller who, having grown weary of a boss who she said forced her to trade sex for professional survival, won the unanimous Supreme Court decision that established the laws on sexual harassment once and for all. The latest to claim her place in line is Anita Hill, a private, professional woman unwilling to relinquish her dignity without a fight.

Even after listening to all the anguished testimony, who could ever feel confident that they knew what really happened? Which one was a liar of epic proportion? This was not a forum that lent itself to justice or even a fearless search for truth. The U.S. Senate is a stage normally reserved for politicians debating war and peace and issues draped in high ideals. It is not a forum accustomed to interrogations about large-breasted women having sex with animals.

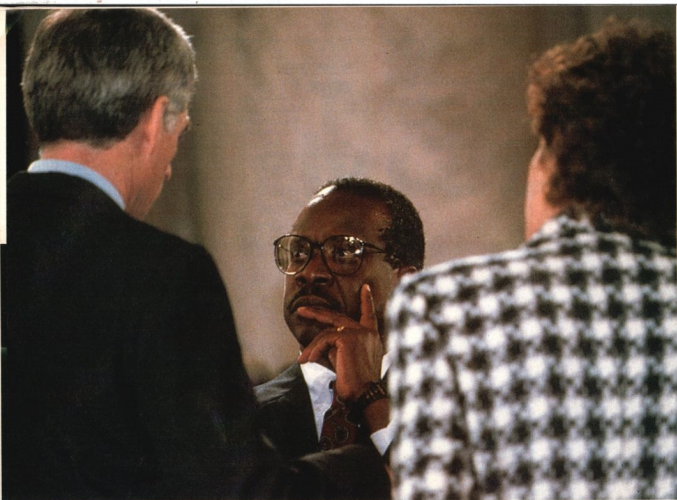
The questions came from a group of Senators who had been disfigured by a failure of both intellect and empathy. Faced with a wounded woman, 14 men merely turned their heads. The most generous explanation is that it was more a political lapse than a human one. But even when the legal arguments and public outcry followed, it took considerable patient explaining to show the distinguished members that they had made a travesty of the confirmation process and a mess of two people's lives.

When the circus tent opened, there sat a row of white men, some of great stature, who made every effort to disappear behind the thin silhouette of their microphones. Here were career public servants, never camera shy, being forced to ask questions like "Professor Hill, now that you have read the FBI report, you can see that it contains no reference to any mention of Judge Thomas' private parts or sexual prowess. Why didn't you tell the FBI about that?" Having begun the week under fire for their sexism, the Senators ended the week accused of acting like a high-tech lynch mob. "I would have preferred an assassin's bullet," Thomas declared, to the ordeal they had reserved for him.

And finally there was the vast national audience, transfixed by testimony that seeped into every conversation. The tragedy might at least have a valuable legacy if it left America's workers with a higher code of conduct to take into their jobs every day. But the actual spectacle left the watcher feeling demeaned and humiliated and terribly sad. So much substance was at stake, and so many symbols, that it almost seemed preferable to call it all off and go home before any more damage was done. In the end, of course, there would be no winners, only scars.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JANEY HAYDEN



Man in the middle: the embattled nominee with Senator John Danforth, his main backer, and his wife Virginia

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT FOR TIME

She Said, He Said

As the nation looks on, two credible, articulate witnesses present irreconcilable views of what happened nearly a decade ago

By JILL SMOLOWE

It was hard to imagine two more unlikely or reluctant witnesses. On one side of the divide was Anita Hill, 35, a specialist in the dry area of commercial law, a reserved woman who by all accounts is given more to listening than to talking. On the other was Clarence Thomas, 43, a courtly man who from his college days has enjoyed a reputation for treating women with particular courtesy and respect. Yet there she was, this prim law professor from the University of Oklahoma, seated in the glare of klieg lights before the Senate Judiciary Committee, calmly detailing graphic charges of sexual harassment

against the man who until last week seemed virtually certain to be confirmed as the next Justice to the Supreme Court.

He said, "I have not said or done the things Anita Hill has alleged."

She said, "I am not given to fantasy. This is not something I would have come forward with if I was not absolutely sure of what I was saying."

For witnesses to this spectacle, whether there in the Senate Caucus Room or at home in their living rooms, deciding who was telling the truth was all but impossible. Viewers had to weigh the testimony of two admirable people—both of whom had escaped, through diligence and perseverance, a background of rural poverty to

scale great heights, both of whom are known to be grounded in strong religious and spiritual values, both of whom have reputations for great personal integrity—and pronounce one of them a liar. In the final analysis, it would come down to this: the specificity of Hill's charges against the intensity of Thomas' denials.

Before the days of exhausting and exhaustive testimony would end, Hill would coolly and impassively detail the nature of Thomas' alleged harassment while she worked for him in government positions from 1981 to 1983. Words like "penis" and "breasts" and "pubic hair" would enter the public record repeatedly in so somber and unflinching a fashion that no one in the



The accuser: "What happened and telling the world about it are the two most difficult . . . experiences of my life"

DAVID BURNETT—CONTACT FORTUNE

hearing room would blanch, let alone smirk or giggle. It was clear that the differences in the Hill and Thomas versions on what transpired a decade ago were not a simple matter of differing sensibilities—oversqueamishness on her part vs. bad taste on his. If Hill's description of Thomas' words and actions was truthful, then the Supreme Court nominee was guilty of sexual harassment in the past and perjury in the present. If Hill's account was a flight of fantasy, then she was delusional and a candidate for medical attention.

During Saturday's session, Republican Senator Orrin Hatch aimed squarely at the accuser, implying that Hill was working in tandem with "slick lawyers" bent on destroying Thomas' chances to join the court. Thomas appeared to endorse that view when committee chairman Joseph Biden asked if he believed that Hill had fabricated a tale of sexual harassment. "Some interest groups came up with this story, and this story was developed specifically to destroy me," the nominee responded.

In the course of the hearing, which Thomas angrily characterized as "a high-tech lynching for uppity blacks," other witnesses would come forward. Some would

try to buttress Hill's charges either by affirming that she had complained of sexual harassment at the time of the alleged incidents or by putting forward their own allegations of misconduct by Thomas. Others would seek to cast doubt on Hill's testimony either by dredging up recollections that conflicted with hers or by offering stories that aimed to weaken Hill's credibility.

But nothing was likely to match the devastating effect of both Hill's and Thomas' testimony. Cool and unflappable, Hill looked the Senators in the eye and handled every question without hesitation. Her hands folded on the lap of her teal blue dress, her demeanor polite, cooperative and never defensive, she painted a vivid and sobering portrait of what it means to be victimized by sexual harassment—from the fears, embarrassments and humiliations she experienced to the repercussions it had on her work, health and career choices. Given the detail and consistency of her testimony, it was almost inconceivable that Hill, rather than describing her own experiences, was fabricating the portrait of a sexual-harassment victim.

No less poignant, searing or believable, however, were Thomas' anguished state-

ments and adamant denials. In his opening remarks—which he wrote himself, by a friend's account, after telling the White House to "butt out"—he said he felt "shocked, surprised, hurt and enormously saddened" on learning of Hill's charges. While Hill would maintain that he had asked her out five to 10 times during the period in question, he denied that he had ever asked her for even a single date. Rather, he said, Hill was someone he had helped at every turn, someone he considered a friend. That accusations of harassment should come from her seemed to him particularly hurtful. "During the past two weeks," he said, "I lost the belief that if I did my best, all would work out."

Then Thomas enlarged his field of pain. He spoke of the long ordeal—105 days by week's end—that he had endured since his nomination to the Supreme Court, of reporters picking through his garbage cans and poring over his divorce papers. "This is not American; this is Kafkaesque. It has got to stop. It must stop for the benefit of future nominees and our country. Enough is enough," he declared, emphasizing each word.



“It is my legal judgment . . . that the testimony of Professor Hill in the morning was flat-out perjury.”

—SENATOR ARLEN SPECTER



“Would [she] have us believe that you were saying these things because you wanted to date her?”

—SENATOR ORRIN HATCH

“No job is worth what I’ve been through—no job. No horror in my life has been so debilitating. Confirm me if you want. Don’t confirm me if you are so led.” Said he: “I will not provide the rope for my own lynching. These are the most intimate parts of my privacy, and they will remain just that, private.”

The tone of his opening statement was so bitter, in fact, that many listeners thought he was leading up to a withdrawal of his candidacy. But he stopped short of that, apparently determined to clear his name even if he could not salvage his place on the court. “I would have preferred an assassin’s bullet to this kind of living hell,” he said the next day. But still, he insisted, he would “rather die than withdraw.”

Friday night, after Hill concluded her testimony, Thomas again took his place behind the green-draped table to answer questions. But this time his pain had given way to raw anger. “I would like to start by saying unequivocally, uncategorically, that I deny each and every single allegation against me today.” He called the hearing a travesty, a circus, a national disgrace. During his two days of testimony, Thomas returned repeatedly to a central theme of his rebuttal: that he was the victim of a racially motivated attack. “I cannot shake off these accusations because they play to the worst stereotypes we have about black men in this country,” he angrily declared.

In his second appearance on Friday, he made an astounding statement: he had not

even listened to Hill’s testimony. Thomas’ wife Virginia, however, watched parts of it and reported back to her husband. When Democratic Senator Howell Heflin of Alabama suggested to Thomas that only he could put the lie to Hill’s claims, Thomas snapped back, “I am incapable of proving the negative. It did not occur.”

Defiant, defensive and plainly fed up with the process, Thomas answered further questions tersely, as the Senators played back Hill’s charges to him. “No.” “Absolutely not, Senator.” “It never occurred.” The process, he asserted, was “drowning my life, my career and my integrity. You have robbed me of something that can never be restored.”

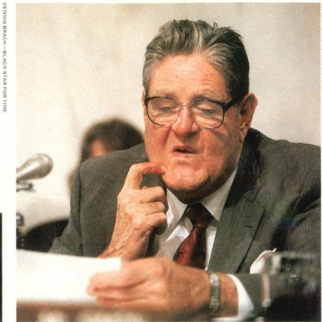
At only one point did he offer a hint of anything that might smack of a personal relationship with Hill. “I would drive her home and sometimes stop in and have a Coke or a beer or something and continue arguing about politics for maybe 45 minutes to an hour,” he said. “But I never thought anything of it.” Later, Thomas elaborated on this aspect of their relationship by stating that there were a “number of instances” when he visited Hill’s home while working with her at the Education Department.

Thomas’ two sessions of angry rebuttal were compelling. But even so riveting an appearance could not mitigate the impact of Hill’s own eight hours of virtually unin-

terrupted testimony. In her own opening statement, she spoke first about the general nature of her office exchanges with Thomas while working under his supervision, initially at the Department of Education’s office for civil rights in 1981 and ’82, then at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission from 1982 to ’83. “He spoke about acts that he had seen in pornographic films involving such matters as women having sex with animals, and films showing group sex or rape scenes,” she alleged. “He talked about pornographic materials depicting individuals with large penises or large breasts involved in various sex acts. On several occasions Thomas told me graphically of his own sexual prowess.”

The most charged moments came when she offered specific details about Thomas’ alleged behavior. One of the “oddest episodes,” she said, involved an exchange in Thomas’ office when he reached for a can of Coke and asked, “Who has put pubic hair on my Coke?” (Later, Hatch accused Hill of stealing the story from a work of fiction. Holding aloft a copy of the book *The Exorcist*, Hatch quoted, “There seems to be an alien pubic hair in my gin.”) On other occasions, Hill maintained, “he referred to the size of his own penis as being larger than normal” and spoke of the pleasure he had “given to women with oral sex.”

Urged by Biden to recall her most embarrassing encounter with Thomas, Hill responded, “His discussion of pornography



SENATOR BIDEN—ALAN STEIN FOR TIME

SENATOR HEFFLIN—ALAN STEIN FOR TIME

“What was the final thing that made you decide that you must go public, knowing that all this would occur?”

—SENATOR JOSEPH BIDEN

“If you . . . appear to have a closed mind, doesn't it raise issues of judicial temperament?”

—SENATOR HOWELL HEFLIN

involving these women with large breasts and engaged in a variety of sex with different people or animals.” Under questioning, she also recalled an exchange in Thomas' office where Thomas alluded to the large penis of an actor in a pornographic film by referring to the character's name.

“Do you recall what it was?” pressed Senator Biden.

“Yes, I do.” Hill, permitting herself a rare display of emotion, wrinkled her nose in disgust. “The name that was referred to was Long Dong Silver.” Hatch, who emerged as one of the panel's most aggressive interrogators, later dug up a 1988 decision by a federal appeals court in Tulsa, citing an obscene photograph of a character by that name. Hatch suggested it was this court case that had brought the name to Hill's attention—not Clarence Thomas.

Hill was also quite specific about her last encounter with Thomas, in 1983, while still an employee at the EEOC. Up until then, she said, she had declined all social invitations from Thomas, explaining to the Senators that she had repeatedly told him she did not feel it was appropriate to date her supervisor. But this was her last day at the EEOC before proceeding to a teaching post at Oklahoma's Oral Roberts University. So, she said, after he “assured me that the dinner was a professional courtesy only,” they went to a restaurant after work. “He made a comment I vividly remember,” she said. “He said that if I ever told anyone of his behavior, that it would ruin his career.”

The most moving aspect of Hill's testimony was the vivid portrait she painted of the vulnerability, humiliation and frustration she experienced while working under such conditions. “It wasn't as though it happened every day,” Hill explained. “But I went to work during certain periods knowing that it might happen.” She spoke of her fear of being squeezed out of good assignments, losing her job, maybe even not being able to find any job at all within the Reagan Administration if she continued to resist Thomas' alleged overtures. At one point, she said, the stress she experienced from the tension of her relationship with Thomas caused her to be hospitalized for five days with acute stomach pains.

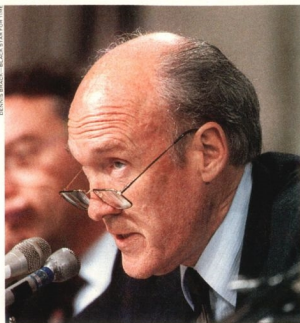
Although the panel of male Senators seemed to have an especially hard time with this part of Hill's testimony, her tale struck a resonant chord with countless women across America. Judith Resnick, a law professor at the University of Southern California Law Center, characterized Hill's testimony: “You're seeing a paradigm of a sexual-harassment case.”

The point most rigorously pursued by the Senate panel, particularly Pennsylvania's Senator Arlen Specter, the chief Republican interrogator on the committee, was why Hill decided in 1982 to follow Thomas from the Education Department to the EEOC. At that point, Hill said, she thought “the sexual overtures which had so

troubled me had ended.” Besides, she noted, there was talk that President Reagan was thinking of phasing out the Education Department, and she feared she might wind up jobless.

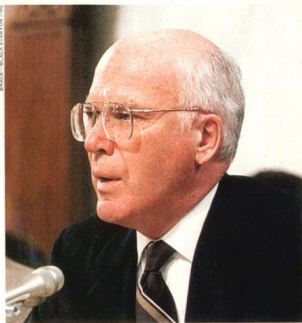
Once she got to the EEOC, Hill said, the overtures from Thomas resumed. If that was true, Senators wondered, then why in the years since she turned to teaching had she remained in touch with Thomas? Hill said she saw little harm in maintaining cordial relations with Thomas now that she no longer worked with him and no longer felt threatened by him. “I did not feel that it was necessary to cut off all ties or to burn all bridges or to treat him in a hostile manner,” she said. “If I had done that, I would have had to explain this whole situation that I've come forward with today.”

Specter made much of the fact that while at Oral Roberts University, Hill remained friendly enough with Thomas to volunteer to drive him to the airport on one occasion. She suggested that the university's founding dean, Charles Kothe, had asked her to do so. (Kothe was not only her boss at that time but a good friend of Thomas' as well.) She visited Thomas another time after she left the EEOC, she explained, to get a recommendation from him. And what of the 11 phone calls she made to Thomas over a six-year period, publicized earlier in the week by Thomas' Senate champion, Republican John Danforth of Missouri? Those, she explained, were work-related calls, and each



“Why in God’s name would you ever speak to a man like that the rest of your life?”

—SENATOR ALAN SIMPSON



“Did you ever have a discussion of pornographic films with Professor Hill?”

—SENATOR PATRICK LEAHY

“was made in a professional context.”

Specter questioned the validity of her memory eight to 10 years after the events, given that her recollections had changed in recent weeks. As an example, he cited the fact that when she spoke to the FBI agents in late September, she recalled telling only one friend about the alleged sexual harassment. Now, he said, she had two witnesses lined up to testify that she had complained at the time. “If you start to look at each individual problem, then you won’t be satisfied that it’s true,” she said. “But the statement has to be taken as a whole.” Then she added forcefully, “There is no motivation to show I’d make up something like this.”

On that point, Hill seemed particularly persuasive. Each time committee members tried to probe her possible motivations for denouncing Thomas publicly, they came up dry. It became clear that it was members of various Senate staffs who had approached Hill, not the other way around. She maintained her silence publicly until her FBI statement fell into reporters’ hands on Oct. 5. At that point, she said, “I felt I had to tell the truth. I could not keep silent.”

Democratic Senator Patrick Leahy confronted the issue of motive and asked if she stood to gain in any way from coming forward. “I have nothing to gain here,” she said soberly. “This has been disruptive of my life, and I’ve taken a number of personal risks.” She said she had been threatened, though she did not elaborate on the nature or source of the threat. “I have not gained

anything except knowing that I came forward and did what I felt that I had an obligation to do,” she said. “That was to tell the truth.”

The only moment when Hill seemed at all evasive came during an exchange with Specter over an Oct. 9 account in *USA Today*. In it, Keith Henderson, an old friend of hers who is also a former Senate Judiciary staff member, is quoted as saying Hill was advised by Senate staff members that her FBI affidavit would be the instrument that “quietly and behind the scenes” would force Thomas to withdraw, without her name ever becoming public. Specter pressed her to recall discussing such a scenario with anyone. First she demurred that she did not recall that specific comment. Pressed again, she allowed, “There might have been some conversation about what could possibly occur.” On Saturday Specter quickly attacked Hill’s change in testimony as “flat-out perjury.”

Senators returned to the point, plainly unwilling to accept that Hill had not at least entertained this scenario when she made her statement to the FBI agents. They, like many viewers, could not fathom how Hill would have failed to anticipate that her charges might not remain anonymous and that at some point she might have to face Thomas. When asked by Biden if she considered herself part of an “organized effort” to keep Thomas from the bench, she

said, “I had not even imagined that this would occur.”

There was one attempt at producing a smoking gun: Specter’s presentation of an affidavit by John Doggett, a Yale classmate of Thomas’ and a Washington acquaintance of Hill’s. In it Doggett alleged that at a going-away party shortly before she left the EEOC, Hill steered him to a quiet corner and chastised him with the words “I am very disappointed in you. You really shouldn’t lead on women and then let them down.” Doggett called her charge “completely unfounded” and added that he came away “feeling that she was somewhat unstable, and that, in my case, she had fantasized about my being interested in her romantically.” Hill responded that she barely knew Doggett and stated flatly, “I did not at any time have any fantasy about romance with him.”

When the hearing concluded, everyone who had witnessed Hill’s and Thomas’ dramatic testimony knew for certain only what they had known at the start: one was telling the truth, and the other was lying. There was no way to imagine a happy ending to this very sad confrontation. For both Hill and Thomas, it was the hardest ordeal of their lives. But one of them was shouldering the burden unfairly—and it may never be known which one. While both had been sullied and injured by the proceedings, only one had been dragged through the mud on the strength of a very convincing lie. —Reported by Hays Gorey, Julie Johnson and Nancy Traver/Washington



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A Question of Character

Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill were both known for truthfulness and integrity—until now

By RICHARD LACAYO

Anita Hill's accusations against Clarence Thomas raised the question of sexual harassment to national prominence, only to reduce it again to its toughest and most intractable kernel: her word against his. Neither Hill nor Thomas was able to bring decisive evidence before the committee last week to support their widely differing versions of their dealings in the past. Thus the evidence of character counts all the more heavily. But even that appeared to weigh equally on both sides. Based on their backgrounds, Hill and Thomas seemed to be the two least likely people in the world to be involved in an exchange of accusations about sexual misconduct or false charges. Both have devoted their lives to hard work and public service. He is said to be sensitive to women. She has a reputation for integrity. One of them is lying.

A Reputation For Integrity

Some people have always found it hard to reconcile the fact that Clarence Thomas is both black and a conservative. It is harder still to match the image of Thomas offered by Anita Hill—of a boss who pressured and humiliated her—with the picture offered by friends and co-workers, who portray him as a model of courteous and respectful relations with women. The bedeviling paradox that emerged last week was this: How could Thomas have been one man to the world and another to Hill?

Even as her charges were electrifying the country, Thomas' defenders were rushing to his side. Dolores Rozzi, director of the office of federal operations at the EEOC, worked for Thomas for seven years. Through hundreds of meetings together, she says, she never saw him listen to anyone tell a dirty joke, let alone tell one himself. "People thought he was a little uptight and conservative," says Rozzi. "The word was, 'You have to go to Clarence with clean hands.'"

Former colleagues insist that if anything, Thomas had a special sensitivity toward women's concerns. Janet Brown, who met Thomas when both were on the staff of Missouri Senator John Danforth, recalled that when she was subjected to sexual harassment some years ago, Thomas was the most sympathetic of her friends. "Outside my immediate family, there was no one who exhibited more compassion, more outrage, more sensitivity, more caring than Clarence Thomas."

Friends from his undergraduate days at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., maintain that Thomas tried to set an example among the black students on the dormitory corridor where he lived. "He was always respectful of women and critical of those who were not," says classmate Leonard Cooper. In the early 1970s, when the

campus was gripped by debate over whether to go coed, Thomas composed a poem, "Is You or Is You Ain't a Brother?" which he posted at the entrance to the dorm. "The point of the poem was, if you don't respect women, you're not a brother," recalls Edward Jenkins, a Boston attorney who was one of Thomas' fellow students.

In those years Thomas got the campus Black Student Union to adopt guidelines for the behavior of men in the dormitory who had women guests on the weekends.

The code included rules for dress, language and how to deal with the dicey bathroom issue. "He was acutely aware of these things at 21," says Clifford Hardwick, a friend who is now an attorney in Savannah. "When many of us weren't even thinking about them."

Those who know him shake their head at the idea that Thomas has any preoccupation with porn films. At Yale Law School in the early 1970s, Lovida Coleman, now an attorney in private practice in Washington, belonged to a group of students, which Thomas was also part of, who convened in the dining room at 7 a.m. She vividly recalls the morning when Thomas described the plot of a pornographic film that she believes was *Behind the Green Door*. "We were all laughing hysterically," says Coleman. "He was talking about how absurd it was." Moreover, says an old friend, his methods of flirtation before he remarried were hardly those of a Lothario. "Clarence's idea of a date was to call up a woman and ask if he can come over and have a beer and talk," says the friend. "He wants the woman to make the first move."

It is just one of the ironies of his situation that while heading the EEOC, Thomas strongly urged the Justice Department to back the commission's sexual-harassment guidelines in arguments before the U.S. Supreme Court. But while he strongly denies it, Thomas has been accused of drag-



Could Thomas have been one man to the world and another to Hill?

ging his feet on the 1983 case of an EEOC attorney who was accused of making unwelcome sexual advances to several women in his office. After an internal investigation found the charges to have substance, Thomas urged that the attorney be fired, but the dismissal never took place and the accused man eventually retired.

Thomas' defenders insist that he could act decisively in dealing with cases of sexual harassment. Rozzi cites one case of a male field supervisor under her supervision who she felt had been unfairly charged with harassment. "I tried to convince Thomas that I didn't feel this gentleman was guilty, but he wouldn't listen," she says. "He downgraded the person two grades, which is a very severe punishment." If Thomas is the man his friends say he is, that penalty might have been pure justice. If he is the man Anita Hill says he is, it was pure hypocrisy.

—Reported by Sam Allis/Boston

A Real Straight Arrow

If Clarence Thomas had been a woman, he might have been Anita Hill. The childhood without much money, the hard work that led to college and Yale Law School, the career achievements in the private sector and public service that followed—much of Thomas' up-by-the-bootstraps life story has its equivalents in hers. And just as his reputation for integrity makes the charges against him hard to believe, her reputation makes them hard to dismiss. "She is scrupulous, conscientious and ethical beyond reproach," says Terece Foster, associate dean of the University of Oklahoma's law school.

Among most of the people whose paths Hill has crossed, she has left behind the impression of quiet but unquestionable achievement and a sober but not solemn disposition. She dates, though not a lot. She enjoys a laugh, though she doesn't tell the jokes. The youngest of 13 children in a devout Baptist family, she grew up near Morris, Okla., a small town (pop. 1,200) where her father raised cattle and farmed cotton, soybeans and peanuts on 240 acres. She remains close to her family, most of whom flew to Washington last week to support her. For her father, now 79, it was the first trip on an airplane.

Though reserved, Hill was popular among classmates at Morris High School, finding time for the Pep Club and the Future Homemakers of America before graduating as valedictorian. "She was so smart it wasn't even funny," recalls Bill Bearden Sr., the former basketball coach. "She was very polite, well groomed and never missed a day of school." At Oklahoma State University, she majored in psychology, and

graduated with honors in 1977. "We were both country bumpkins," says former roommate Susan Clark. "We socialized, but not to the extreme of getting rowdy."

After earning a law degree from Yale in 1980, also with honors, Hill spent a year in private practice in Washington before being hired as special counsel to Clarence Thomas at the Department of Education's office for civil rights. She had reservations about living in Washington, which seemed too loose and unbuckled a place. "She was a real straight arrow," says Michael Middleton, who worked with both Hill and Thomas at the Department of Education and later at the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. "Very proper and straitlaced. She was certainly no bimbo."

In 1982 Hill followed Thomas to the EEOC as his special assistant, but surprised colleagues a year later by leaving to take a job as law professor at Oral Roberts University. Five years ago, she moved over to the University of Oklahoma, where she specializes in commercial law, one of the least glamorous subtopics of a buttoned-down field. Hill is happiest when teaching contract law, discussing how to promote economic development on Indian reservations, or writing papers on topics like "The Relative Nature of Property in the Context

of Bankruptcy." She works on the faculty senate and the dean's committee and advises minority students, often inviting them to dinner at her modest one-story brick house.

Hill, who is single, allows few diversions from her work. But her friends insist that she has never been prudish or hypersensitive. "She was not a church mouse," says William Kennard, a Washington lawyer who was a close friend at Yale. Bill Hassler is a Washington attorney who was a friend of Hill's at law school, where he would confide to her the details of his romantic ups and downs. She would listen, he recalls, without embarrassment. "I wouldn't hesitate to invite her to an R-rated movie," he says.

Hill gives no signs of having a political ax to grind. "She's a scholar in commercial law," says law professor Harry Tepker, a colleague at Oklahoma. "That's not exactly the sort of field that firebrands go into." Those who know her describe her as both a conservative and a feminist but not an ideologue in either area. "I suspect she's a card-carrying Republican," says Joel Paul, a friend who recalls arguments in which Hill would loudly support Judge Robert Bork's unsuccessful nomination to the Supreme Court. "She is cut from the same political cloth as Thomas."

—Reported by Jon D. Hull/Norman



Hill's friends insist that she has never been hypersensitive



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The Political Interest

Michael Kramer

Shame on Them All

From this day forth, the mere mention of Anita Hill's name will conjure an authentic moment, one of those flashes of reality that are seared in the collective consciousness. Brought immediately to mind by a name or place, such instances are rare. Typically, the conditions they connote have long plagued a minority. Then, as epiphanies normally experienced through visual images, they are apprehended by the majority. And then, when an expression of national outrage follows, the attendant demands for redress carry the day.

The sight of young black children entering a previously all-white Little Rock, Ark., school as Army troops stood guard caused millions of Americans to instinctively understand the rightness and the promise of integration. "Bull" Connor's Birmingham cops and dogs signaled the distance still to travel and helped spur the end to de jure segregation. The image of Richard Daley's Chicago cops clubbing peaceful demonstrators in 1968 caused the Democratic Party to reform itself. To recall how the words Kent State is to hear how Americans came finally to recognize the lies and dissembling that characterized the Vietnam War's prosecution by two Presidents. More recently, the amateur video of Daryl Gates' Los Angeles cops beating Rodney King sensitized the nation to police brutality.

And now Anita Hill's testimony has awakened men to an issue too few appreciate, and to regulations too few follow. The workplace will never be the same.

Will our politics change as well?

The answer is elusive. Will a yes vote for Clarence Thomas carry political risks comparable to a no vote on the gulf war—at least among the part of the electorate that judges Hill more credible than Thomas? Will the gender gap that again shows women 5% less likely than men to support President Bush's re-election grow? Will Bush, who has already appointed a record number of women to federal posts, feel compelled to increase the number of female senior White House aides, who now number two of 14? Will more women become candidates for office, and will those already challenging males in the 1992 elections see their prospects brightened? Will significant social legislation be affected? Bush has threatened to veto the parental-leave and civil rights bills on the verge of congressional passage. Will he follow through on those threats, and if he does, will Congress muster the votes required to override those vetoes?

Will Congress finally get with the program and have its workplace governed by the laws that apply in the rest of the nation? Congress has exempted itself from most antidiscrimination statutes. As the matter stands, a congressional staff member who charges sexual harassment can complain only to Congress's ethics committees, which have been notoriously

tone deaf to such complaints. (In 1989, for example, Representative Jim Bates, a California Democrat, admitted making lewd remarks and touching female members of his staff. The House ethics committee issued its mildest form of discipline, a letter of reproof.)

Most important, is there any hope of moving away from the corruption that suffuses American politics, a climate of cynicism the Thomas nomination has illuminated from the moment of his selection for the Supreme Court on July 1? At every juncture, the process of considering Thomas' fitness for the court has been a charade.

It began at the beginning, when Bush asserted that Thomas had been chosen because he was highly qualified for the job—adding weirdly that "we're not going to discriminate against [him because] he's black." I've "kept my word to the American people," said the President, "by picking the best man for the job on the merits."

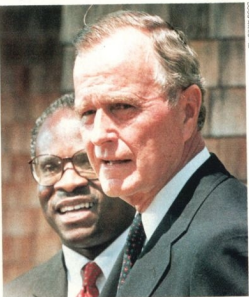
The best man? In off-the-record comments, White House aides agree with the analysis of Harvard law professor Christopher Edley: "If Thomas were white, he would not have been nominated . . . [Bush's] meritocratic language is fatuous unless one takes both color and ideology into account in deciding what it means to be the best qualified."

Contrast Bush's refusal to state the obvious with the pride Lyndon Johnson expressed when he nominated Thurgood Marshall in 1967: "I believe it is the right thing to do, the right time to do it, the right man and the right place." By all accounts, Bush understands and appreciates the moral rightness of having a black

on the Supreme Court and undoubtedly would have liked to echo Johnson. Had he done so, he would have immeasurably aided the national discussion of race. But politics trumped morality. The President's opposition to quotas, repeated over the years, constrained him from saying what he should have said, and what we can only hope he wishes he had been politically capable of saying: "Sometimes affirmative action makes sense, and this is one of those times."

As the discourse began with a lie, so the confirmation process itself became mired in evasions, half-truths and bullying. Even the N.A.A.C.P., which opposed Thomas, succumbed. Despite its dedication to equality and free expression, the national leadership in Washington threatened officers and members of the Compton, Calif., branch with expulsion because they endorsed Thomas.

In his September appearance before the judiciary committee, Thomas himself was a disaster. Prepped by White House handlers to avoid anything that smacked of controversy, however mild, Thomas repeatedly invoked the compelling tale of his rags-to-fame life. On everything else, he was an empty ves-



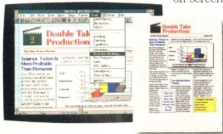
The nominee with the President in Kennebunkport

AP/WIDE WORLD



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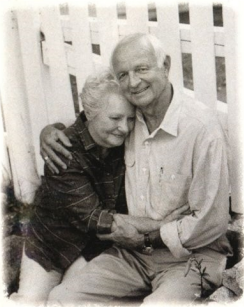
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But I bought him a new Cross ball-point pen, I want to save the old one for myself. It reminds me of the time when I received a bunch of letters addressed to a girl he called Gracie.

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sel. For all that he revealed about his legal philosophy, he may as well have been wearing a bag over his head. When pressed on matters of moment, he backed away from most every opinion he had ever expressed. Incredibly, he told Senators with a straight face that he had "no opinion" on *Roe v. Wade*, thus marking himself as probably the only person in the U.S. without a view on the Supreme Court's landmark abortion-rights decision. "Thomas' answers and explanations about previous speeches, articles and positions," said Alabama Senator Howell Heflin, "raised thoughts of inconsistencies, ambiguities, contradictions, lack of scholarship, lack of convictions and instability."

And yet the Senate was on the verge of confirming his nomination to a powerful and prestigious position that, given his age, 43, he might occupy for three or four decades. "The truth is ugly," concedes a Republican Senator who was poised to vote for Thomas. "We read the polls with the best of them, and those of us with sizable numbers of black constituents, which is almost all of us, were simply afraid to vote against a black nominee, the more so when the White House insisted that party loyalty demanded that we go with the guy. The problem now is that with little in the record that can support a claim to Thomas' legal distinction, there is nothing much for those of us who would otherwise support him to latch on to as a way of offsetting Anita Hill's very credible presentation."

As unimpressive as Thomas' testimony was, as cynical as Bush was in nominating him in the first place, as antidemocratic as the N.A.A.C.P. was in attempting to muzzle dissent, nothing matches the Senate's craven performance. One can side with Hill over Thomas and still understand why Thomas described last week's hearings as a "high-tech lynching." No matter the breaches of confidentiality, there had to be a way to consider Hill's allegations in closed session. But that is a complaint about process.

What will forever disgrace the Senate is the way in which it postponed its vote on Thomas' confirmation in order to consider Hill's charges. "We delayed because all of us realize it's a serious charge, and it needs to be explored," said Vermont Senator Patrick Leahy. But that was two days after the Senate acted. In fact, the delay did not come about because the nomination process works or because Senators finally realized that an allegation of sexual harassment could not be dismissed summarily. The delay occurred because politicians know when their backs are against a wall. Their phones were ringing off the hook. By 5 to 1, citizens urged delay.

The Senators tacked with the political wind—and a few were frank enough to admit it. "The Senate is on trial," said Arlen Specter of Pennsylvania. "What is at stake is the integrity of the Senate," said John Kerry of Massachusetts. "We don't have the votes" to confirm Thomas, said minority leader Robert Dole of Kansas, explaining the Republicans' willingness to delay. Clearly, if the Senate really does awaken to the issue of sexual harassment, serendipity should be credited.

What might be done to reform the system? To achieve a balanced Supreme Court, the President could consciously nominate candidates known to disagree with his views. But that will never happen. The court is a political institution, and

Presidents eager to project their policies beyond their own terms of office will invariably support Justices who share their outlook. Perhaps life tenure should be reconsidered. As contemplated by the Constitution's framers, life appointments guarantee independence. Could not the same goal be served with terms of 10 or 15 years, with the more frequent injection of new blood a healthy consequence? At a minimum, Justices should face mandatory retirement at, say, 70 or 75. Like most people, Justices usually suffer a decline in energy and acumen as they age.

As for Congress, the Thomas affair strips away all pretension to high purpose and supports the growing call for term limitation. California, Colorado and Oklahoma have already enacted term-limitation laws for state offices, and similar propositions will probably be on the ballot in 17 other states soon. The first legal challenge was resolved last week, when the California Supreme Court held that the right to seek office can be abridged in order to guard against "an entrenched, dynastic legislative bureaucracy."

No legislature is more entrenched and more dynastic than the one in Washington. Congress has become a ruling elite insulated from accountability to all but the interests who spend lavishly to win its attention. Attempts to level the playing field—for example, by instituting campaign-finance reform laws that would even the odds of a challenger's unseating an incumbent—have been regularly gutted. If real reform is beyond the capacity of Congress to fashion, the only option left is to kick the members out.

Term limitation is not a new idea. The Continental Congress precluded members from serving more than three years in any six-year period. Presidents Truman and Eisenhower advocated a cut-off, as did the 1988 Republican Party platform.

The premise of limitation is simple: if there must be life after Congress, then maybe its members will consider the national interest before their own re-election.

It is true that not all old blood is bad blood. Many and perhaps most Congressmen are qualified and competent. But together, as an institution, they are paralyzed. Expedient action on Capitol Hill is reserved for nonsensical commemorative resolutions and reciprocal pork-barrel bills. Important issues are ducked, and contrivances like automatic spending cuts substitute for judgment.

Critics say limitation may create an even less desirable group of unresponsive incumbents—the 31,000 congressional staff members whose power as a permanent government is already menacing. But freed from the never ending necessity to raise funds for their next campaign, legislators might find the time to lead rather than follow their staffs.

George Will recently suggested that the steady decline in voter participation reflects the electorate's satisfaction. If people were upset with the state of affairs, Will asserted, they would vote in greater numbers. As so often when he is at his most entertaining, Will was dead wrong. People don't vote because they're turned off. Term limitation could energize the potential electorate. But even if it didn't, it would, by its very terms, shake up Congress, and no one who watched last week's spectacle can deny the attraction of that.

Has Bush's strong support for Judge Thomas made you more likely or less likely to vote for him for President?

More likely	Less likely	Won't affect vote
10%	16%	68%

Has the Senate done a good job investigating the harassment charges against Judge Thomas?

(Asked before Friday's session)

Yes	No	Not sure
32%	38%	30%

From a telephone poll of 500 American adults taken for TIME/CNN on Oct. 10 by Vanderbilt Clancy Shuman. Sampling error is plus or minus 4.5%.



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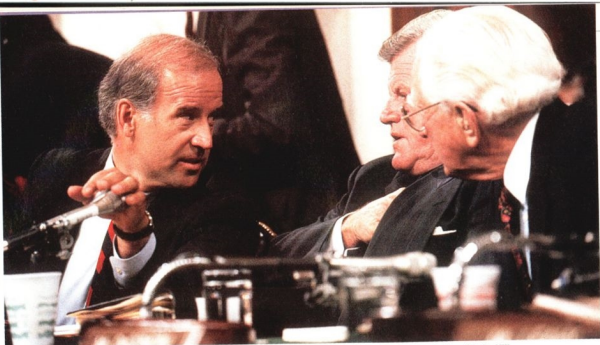
On the weekends, John hauls animal feed. Because the Holtkamps have a llama, eight miniature donkeys, and an emu.

Since we didn't know what an emu was either, we asked, before meeting, if he wouldn't mind holding his emu while we took a picture of him and his Saturn. "Well," John said, "it's okay with me, but emus don't really like that sort of thing."



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Fraternity brothers: Biden, Kennedy and Metzenbaum confer during the Judiciary Committee's questioning of Anita Hill

The Ultimate Men's Club

As pampered denizens of a virtually all-male bastion, many Senators were slow to grasp the seriousness of the sexual-harassment issue

By MARGARET CARLSON

There may be no better place in America for a referendum on male domination than the U.S. Senate. All white, mostly over 50, cosseted and toadied to by fawning aides, uninhibited by women, the Senate may be the most visible concentration of full-frontal prefeminist thinking left.

If it weren't for that, the Judiciary Committee might have found a way to evaluate Professor Anita Hill's charges against Judge Clarence Thomas confidentially. But it was easier to consign her to the category of she-devils, like Fanne Foxe, Elizabeth Ray, Tai Collins, Donna Rice, who rise from a public official's past to bring down a man simply for being, well, a man. In this postgraduate Skull and Bones, most of whose members hardly need to worry where their next million is coming from, it is hard to empathize with someone worried enough about her career that she would overlook offensive conduct until it became literally a federal matter.

Senators don't interact with women as colleagues—they have only two—and most of the other women they come in contact with are subservient. According to a 1991 study by the Congressional Management Foundation, women hold 31% of the top four positions on Senate staffs. Among those, women account for 24% of the very

top post of administrative assistant. They earn 78¢ to every dollar their male counterparts pull in. Still, the preponderance of females is found in the catchall legislative jobs, where, as one staff member says, "taking good notes and neatness count."

When the Senate is not operating like a men's club, it behaves like a family—a patriarchal, dysfunctional family. Not only does the Senate have all the institutionalized forms of sexism common in the corporate suite, but by dint of its privileges and power it is one of the few places where acting like a cross between a rock star and the dictator of a banana republic is tolerated. One of the sessions during orientation for congressional spouses is on how to live with a celebrity. It's an atmosphere, says former Missouri Lieutenant Governor Harriett Woods, who now heads the National Women's Political Caucus, where "Senators prey on women as if they were groupies." One wife has remarked that a reason members spend so much time at the office is the adoring staff. There's too much reality at home.

Despite an overabundance of leather, the offices resemble living rooms. There are 14 dining rooms, a gym with a sauna and steam room, and a pool; the women's facility, by contrast, has been described as "six hair dryers and a Ping-Pong table."

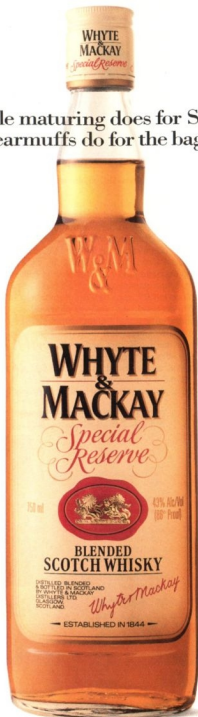
In the absence of production quotas or a bottom line, the only measure of performance in the Senate is how much one

pleases the boss. Much of the work is servile, not intellectual or history-making. Getting coffee is not a courtesy but part of the job description; being sent to the boss's house to pick up a tux and a change of underwear is all in a day's work.

Although the Senate has no shortage of clerical staff, female professionals are still expected to act as hostesses, showing a constituent, a defense contractor or a contributor around. In a Senate dining room, a young aide delivering papers to her boss was asked to remove her jacket so that a constituent could get a better look. She did. To someone operating in that atmosphere, perhaps, as Senator Arlen Specter said at Friday's hearing, talk of "women's large breasts" hardly seems such a big deal.

While the Senate is full of selfless older women, happy to substitute the life of the office for a life, it also has a huge contingent of postfeminist younger women, who think being asked to walk the dog and clean up after the mutt is the price one pays for invaluable experience. Says an aide to a Democratic Senator on the Judiciary Committee: "You know what the code is, and if you want to be involved, you know what you have to tolerate. It's happened to me, and I never call anyone on it. You have to show you are tough enough to take a certain kind of harassment."

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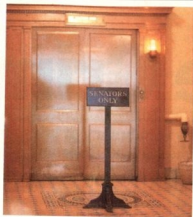
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Nation

Fear of hypocrisy may have kept Democrats on the Judiciary Committee from taking charges of a personal nature seriously. Certainly Senator Edward Kennedy—recently shamed for taking his son and nephew barhopping on a night that ended in an accusation of rape—is not the ideal person to sit in judgment of someone else's sexual manners. The man who waited 10 hours before reporting that a young female staff member was drowned in his car at Chappaquiddick, and stonewalled for much of the subsequent investigation, must have wanted to avoid the moment that faced him last Tuesday when the situation required a public statement on Hill's allegation: "The Senate cannot sweep it under the rug, or pretend that it is not staring us in the face." Other members have had personal embarrassments as well: Senator Dennis DeConcini is one of the Keating Five; Senator Joseph Biden had to drop out of the 1988 presidential race because of plagiarism; Senator Patrick Leahy had to resign from the Intelligence Committee after admitting he had leaked a confidential document.

After it became impossible to ignore the charges, the Senate's major preoccupation, like that of an exclusive club, was an infraction of its bylaws. Senator John Danforth, Thomas' chief handler, harrumphed, "The cloud of doubt was created by a violation of the rules of the U.S. Senate"; so Danforth maintained that the doubt was not valid. Anyway Thomas had given Danforth his gentleman's word, and that was enough for him. Says Woods: "It's the male, Yale, class



Protecting a privileged life-style

response. It's infuriating to women because it's the club they never belonged to."

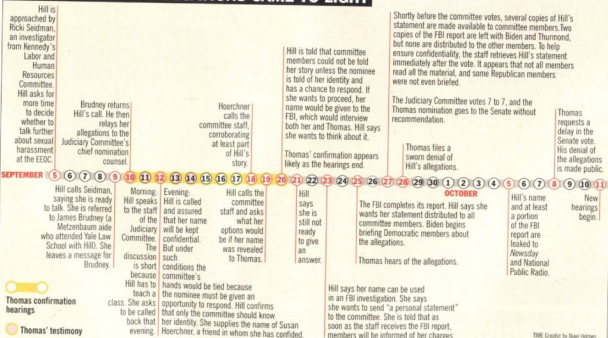
When a contingent of seven House members marched down the marble halls of the Senate to the Democratic caucus room to ask for a meeting about sexual harassment, they were told they couldn't come in. Said California Congresswoman and Senate candidate Barbara Boxer: "What could be more symbolic than that closed door?" Some Senators "got it" better after some sensitivity training at home. Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Jim Exon said they didn't realize how serious the issue was until they talked to their wives. Said Boxer: "If there were more women in the Senate, they wouldn't need to rely on spouses to tell

them what's important to 51% of the American population."

The rules of Congress are arcane, often unwritten, and demand a lifetime of male bonding to understand. It's bad form to call one's deepest philosophical enemy anything but "my distinguished colleague," or to continue a political argument after hours. When cries went up for a list of Capitol Hill check bouncers, House Speaker Tom Foley protected Democrats and Republicans alike, as does the Ethics Committee. So ingrained is the clubbiness that partisanship often seems like a Hulk Hogan spectacle, faked for the C-SPAN audience.

But something happened last week that may, for better or worse, permanently destroy all that comity. Senator Hatch opened the hearings in disgust, saying that if the Democrats had only asked for a closed executive session, the committee would have been spared its Friday circus. Senator Alan Simpson, who usually manages to hide his meanness behind an Andy Rooney façade, warned Hill that she would be "injured, and destroyed and belittled and hounded and harassed—real harassment, different from the sexual kind, just plain old Washington-variety harassment." What debates over the budget, arms control, abortion or the gulf war did not destroy was finished off by televised hearings that stripped bare the sensibilities of two witnesses and the Senators who questioned them. The club may never be the same again. —Reported by Hays Gorey and Nancy Traver/Washington

HOW ANITA HILL'S ALLEGATIONS CAME TO LIGHT



TIME Graphic by Nigel Holmes and Leslie Dickstein

Office Crimes

In a matter of hours, a new vocabulary of laws and risks and expectations entered the language of the factory floor and the tower suite

By NANCY GIBBS

Last week America set about smashing china and moving furniture around in the household of its public morality, with the knowledge that before it was all over no one would know where to find anything anymore. Conversation became suddenly careful; the pinups were peeled off the wall. The issue of sexual harassment—what it is, why it happens, who's to blame—was a fascinating topic to obsess upon as a nation, wonder about in private, argue about in public. It was also a long, bruising week of bumping into issues that many of us didn't know were there.

In America's workplaces, men and women reintroduced themselves with a suspicion that their relationships had changed forever. Men who have worked closely with women for years asked them flat out, "Have

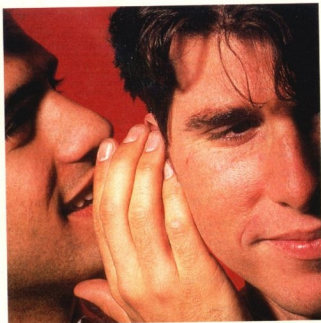
you ever felt threatened or insulted or offended by anything I've said or done?" Many women privately shared their experiences and their anger, for the first time taking seriously behavior they had long taken for granted. Some of them, wary of being cast as victims, wondered whether in the end all the sudden attention to the issue would do them more harm than good.

The issue of sexual harassment ricochets off other crucial debates this country has yet to resolve about the boundaries of morality and law. The boss who kept his employees' menstrual cycles marked on a wall calendar was, by any measure, a lout. Was he a criminal? How useful is it to establish a category of behavior that runs the gamut from rudeness to rape? Should it be embedded in the law that men and women react differently to the same comments and behavior?

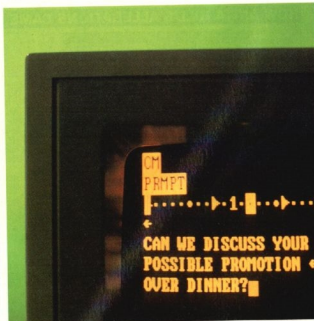
The questions and conversations were

all the more pointed because, despite the clarity of the legal language, sexual harassment is a complex issue, its incidence difficult to measure. It is uniformly cast as a gender issue, since the overwhelming majority of cases involve female workers being harassed by male colleagues and supervisors. But when pollsters ask women whether they have ever been targets of harassment, the answers depend on how the question is phrased, which helps explain why some surveys find that 90% of women view themselves as victims and others find less than half that number.

As last week's crash course made clear, most women and men, especially most Senators, had only the barest understanding of the power of the law. Under Equal Employment Opportunity Commission guidelines issued in 1980 and unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court in 1986, sexual harassment includes not just physical but also ver-



Comments



Propositions

bal and "environmental" abuse. Under the law, there are two broadly recognized forms. The first involves a "quid pro quo" in which a worker is compelled to trade sex for professional survival. In 1986 an Ohio woman won a \$3.1 million verdict against an employer who invited her to perform oral sex or lose her job.

The other part of the law refers to a "hostile working environment," and it is here that the debates get most heated. The phrase covers any unwelcome sexual behavior that makes it hard for a worker to do her job or that creates a hostile or offensive environment. Charles Looney, regional director of the EEOC New England office in Boston, says the courts are more concerned with the woman's reaction than the man's intent. "If I run a stop sign, I have broken the law even if I did not intend to," he says. "People can create hostile environments without knowing that it would be considered sexual harassment, but they are still liable."

The courts may have worked it all out, but most Americans have not. As people wrestled last week with the ambiguous definitions of sexual harassment, many were left with a conviction that, as with pornography, they know it when they see it. The ugly realities of many American workplaces give the legal language its vividness. There is, for instance, the case of Edith Magee, who worked a shovel and drove a dump truck for the St. Paul, Minn., sewage department. "There was always this implied threat that if they didn't like you, they would use their authority to get you in

trouble," she says of her supervisors. Her employer settled her case for \$75,000 but denied any wrongdoing. "I knew when I walked into the lunchroom and my boss was reading *Hustler*, it was going to be bad," she says. "He'd show me pictures of dildoes and say, 'Is your husband's this big?' There was no way you could push him away. He would just go and go and never stop. The idea was, if you were a female and did something as low-class as shovel, then you deserved what you got."

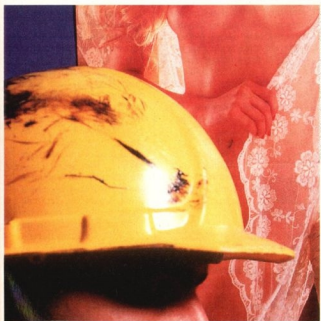
Such stories, echoed a thousand, a hundred thousand times last week, helped lawyers explain that sexual harassment is not about civility. It is not about a man making an unwelcome pass, telling a dirty joke or commenting on someone's appearance. Rather it is an abuse of power in which a worker who depends for her livelihood and professional survival on the goodwill of a superior is made to feel vulnerable. "This is not automatically a male-female issue," says Wendy Reid Crisp, the director of the National Association for Female Executives, the largest women's professional association in the country. "We define this issue as economic intimidation."

Edith Magee is typical in that the most common targets of harassment in blue-collar jobs tend to be women who are breaking into fields once dominated by men. In white-collar professions, most victims are "women in lowly positions," says Susan Rubenstein, an attorney in San Francisco who specializes in sexual-harassment

cases. "A secretary will get harassed before a lawyer, a paralegal will get harassed before an associate." Particularly in male bastions, women find that feminism becomes, ironically, a weapon in the attack.

"It's not just some guy grabbing you and pushing you in a closet and saying, 'If you don't let me fondle you, I'm going to fire you,'" explains Susan Faludi, author of a new book, *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*. "It's more the subtler form of making women uncomfortable by turning the workplace into a locker room and then telling them, 'What's the matter, you can't handle it? You want equality; I'm going to give it to you with a vengeance.'"

Faludi cites the case of Diane Joyce, who fought for 17 years to become the first female skilled crafts worker in the history of Santa Clara, Calif. The real fight began after she finally started the job. When the roadmen trained Joyce to drive the bobtail trucks, says Faludi, they kept changing instructions; one gave her driving tips that nearly blew up the engine. She had to file a formal grievance just to get the pair of coveralls that she said were withheld from her. In the yard the men kept the ladies' room locked, and on the road they wouldn't stop to let her use a bathroom. "You wanted a man's job, you learn to pee like a man," she recalls a superior telling her. "She is not talking about being attacked in the office," says Faludi. "It's a slow, relentless accumulation of slights and insults that add up to the same thing—the message that we don't want you here and we are going



Pinups



Touching

to make your hours here uncomfortable."

In the years since women were integrated into the armed forces, that once all-male preserve has struggled to counter the macho image that long prevailed. SEXUAL HARASSMENT IS NOT FROWNED ON HERE; IT'S GRADED was one sign, now removed, in the Pentagon. By and large, the military has succeeded in impressing officers with the importance of the issue, though enlisted men are not always as enlightened. But there is one big exception, according to Linda Grant De Pauw, president of the Minerva Center, an educational facility dealing with women in the armed services. "The absolute military ban on homosexuals creates an opening for sexual harassment," she says. "Military women live in mortal fear of being called a dyke. When the man says, 'Sleep with me or I'll say you're a lesbian,' it is terrifically effective where women know they may be kicked out if the charge is made."

Defining unwelcome or offensive advances sounds like a subjective judgment; many people last week were worried that sexual harassment is anything an accuser says it is. But in a landmark ruling, the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court in California ruled that the law covers any remark or behavior that a "reasonable woman" would find to be a problem—and acknowledged that a woman's perception might differ from a man's. Judge Robert Beezer wrote that "conduct that many men consider unobjectionable may offend many women." He noted that because women are much more likely to be victims of rape and sexual assault, they have a "stronger incentive to be concerned with sexual behavior." Men, in addition, are more likely to view sexual conduct as harmless.

Underneath that reasoning is the notion that there is a continuum running from the innocent gesture to the brutal assault. It is an interpretation fused to an ideology that places all behavior in the context of male power. In the view of Boston University psychology professor Frances Grossman, "From the guys who wink on the street to the biology professor who tells a sexist joke in class, to the guy who says, 'Hey, baby, let's go out,' to the guy who rapes—all are of a piece in their role of dis-

Have you ever experienced what you regard as sexual harassment at work?

Women's response

Yes **34%**

No **64%**

empowering women. Men say these are not related behaviors. Flirting and jokes are fine, and rape is bad, they say. But increasingly, sociologists say they all send the same disempowering message to women."

That line of argument brings shouts of anger not only from men who feel maligned but also from women who feel belittled. They argue that women do themselves and their careers no favor when they play victim or perpetuate an unhealthy culture of self-pity by asking to be coddled and protected from rudeness and boorish behavior. Sexual harassment is not about sex; it is about power, the reasoning goes,

and if women act powerless at work, they will almost certainly be taken advantage of.

Here is a rare intersection between the opinions of some ardent feminists and some profound antifeminists. "If a girl can survive high school, she ought to be able to deal with the office," says Phyllis Schlafly, a longtime crusader against feminist causes. For Schlafly, the sexual-harassment argument is a perfect example of how "feminists are asking to have it both ways." Says she: "They have spent 20 years preaching that there isn't any difference between men and women, and now they want to turn around and claim sexual harassment if somebody says something that they don't like." The very issue is patronizing, says Schlafly, because it implies that women cannot handle uncomfortable situations without the help of government.

This is not just the view of an extremist. Scholars such as Ellen Frankel Paul, deputy director of the Social Philosophy and Policy

Center at Bowling Green State University in Ohio, argue that the courts are a dangerous mechanism for policing behavior. "Do we really want legislators and judges delving into our most intimate private lives," she asks, "deciding when a look is a leer and when a leer is a civil rights offense? Should people have a legally enforceable right not to be offended by others? At some point, the price for such protection is the loss of both liberty and privacy rights."

From this perspective, women have a lot to lose if they press the issue of sexual harassment too far. Particularly in white-collar settings, younger workers rely on mentors to help them learn the ropes and advance their careers. If a boss is afraid that his interest in a protégé's success will be misconstrued, the safer path is to avoid mentor relationships. "While it is perfectly fine—and normal—for a mentor to say to a man, 'Let's have a drink, or play golf, or talk about that promotion,' it's harder for a mentor to do that with a woman outside strict business hours without incurring some legal risk," notes Terry Morehead Dworkin, a business-law professor at Indiana University. One solution, of course, is for more women to be in the position to promote younger women, but in many corporations that day is still far off.

A Woman Who Refused To Join the Party

BARBARA KINNEY



Broderick after vindication

it, and that stymied my career," she says.

Broderick filed a sexual-harassment complaint with the SEC head office. An internal investigation concluded in 1986 detailed five relationships involving men from upper management and lower-paid women, and said "drinking and sexual involvements among staff" often occurred in the regional office. But the panel rejected Broderick's claim that her career was threatened by the existence of such an atmosphere.

Two years later, U.S. District Judge John Pratt rejected the SEC's conclusion, saying the sexually "hostile work environment" harmed Broderick's emotional and professional well-being. She was awarded \$128,000 in back pay and given a promotion, and she continues to work for the SEC. Although no disciplinary action was taken against her former bosses, the agency has since closed the Arlington office. The ordeal has given Catherine Broderick a special compassion for other victims of sexual harassment. "Everyone questions why Anita Hill didn't file suit," she says. "I didn't file suit until I was forced into it when they tried to fire me."

It didn't take long for Catherine Broderick to discover that working at the Arlington, Va., regional office of the Securities and Exchange Commission was not much fun. After Broderick's arrival in 1979, a top administrator got drunk at an office party, untied her sweater and kissed her. That was nothing unusual: a female junior attorney and two female secretaries were openly having affairs with their male superiors. When Broderick rejected advances of a similar nature, she began receiving negative performance reviews and was threatened with dismissal. "I did not participate or condone

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You Want New Tax Laws Now

In our poll your opinions were closely divided—except on one issue.

Overwhelmingly, forcefully, you agree on this: our tax laws need fresh thought. Nearly 300,000 of you returned the ballot cards we provided in the spring edition of these special sections—and 82.1% responded that, yes, "the economy would benefit in the long run if tax laws were changed to encourage more personal savings." On no other question we asked was your answer so clear.

We asked if harsher prison terms are the best way to curtail crime; 55.3% said they are. We wanted to know if, at age 18, all able Americans should be required to participate in some form of national service for at least one year; the answer from 64.7% was yes. Should the federal government guarantee a minimum level of housing for all Americans? The vote here was 44.5% in

favor, with 43.6% opposed; on this, as on all the questions in our poll, some of you registered no opinion.

With a dominant 48.9%, you said we should be willing to sacrifice jobs to save the environment. A prevailing 49.7% opposed maintaining affirmative action admissions policies to help get more minority students into college. And 60% agreed that "education would improve if students everywhere in the country took standardized national tests and teachers were held accountable for achievement of passing scores."

A free, postage-paid ballot card with new questions is located behind this section. Please fill it out and send it in. Let us know what you think. We will report your ideas in the next edition of the Rediscover America 1492-1992 series.

ACTION FOR THE TOP PRIORITY

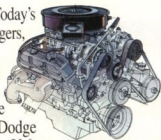
In our first special section, a panel of American leaders said that improving education was the nation's No. 1 priority. In this section, another group of leaders—education experts—tell how to do it.

A Simple

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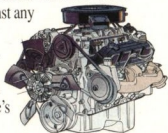


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Revolutionary Steps To Better Education

We need innovative action, say the experts. And they propose some here.

by John Weisman

INTRODUCING HIS EDUCATION PLAN IN APRIL 1991, PRESIDENT GEORGE BUSH voiced the urgent concern felt by most Americans. "We must," he said, "transform America's schools... We must challenge not only the methods and the means we've used in the past, but also the yardsticks we've used to measure our progress." His blueprint, called "America 2000," aims to make an educational system designed in

the 19th century, and not much changed since, compatible with the technologies and vocational demands of the 21st century. Its elements include nationalized examinations,

passed before a student could be admitted to a college.

Victoria Young, the program director in the Texas Education Agency's Office of Student Assessment, believes that any

experimental schools and public funding of private schools.

Education experts throughout the nation agree that innovation is necessary. In consultation with Rediscover America, a range of them have put forth proposals to improve education and pointed out milestone programs that are working now.

Former Secretary of Education Terrel H. Bell believes that a three-pronged approach, combining student motivation, parent commitment and technology immersion, would bring almost immediate results. To motivate students, Bell would establish a national curriculum in English, math and science. Additionally, he would set national achievement standards and publish

each school's results. To revolutionize the learning process, he would put computers in every classroom in the nation—and on every teacher's desk. And to galvanize parents, whom he calls "the missing link" in American education, he calls on states to pass a Parent Educational Responsibility Act. The Act would decree that as a precondition of public education, parents must sign a contract obligating them to become actively involved in their child's schooling.

Bell's successor at the Department of Education, William Bennett, believes that providing payment vouchers, which would allow students to attend the school of their choice, would help improve the quality of all schools. He also endorses nationally standardized academic examinations, similar to the system in France, which would have to be

fundamental change must begin with comprehensive, rigorous teacher training. "Without it," she says, "nationalized standards won't mean a thing."

From experimental programs around the nation, experts cite the following as models of accomplishment:

- **Washington, D.C.** Ralph Neal, principal of Eastern High, motivates students by taking star pupils to lunch every month. Neal also pays public tribute to students with good attendance and top grades by having their names published in *The Washington Post*.

- **Connecticut.** When high schools in Glastonbury, South Windsor and Manchester wanted to offer something different in the way of language courses, they teamed up with Cox Cable-TV and Manchester Community College.

The result was a course in basic Mandarin, taught by a college professor over a two-way cable-TV system. Now in its second successful year, the unique

Hartford-area partnership is offering Russian and Art History in addition to Chinese.

- **California.** Nearly 18 years ago, the Palo Alto Junior League established a parent volunteer program to teach art in grade schools. The art-appreciation course has spread throughout California and to other states as well.

- **Maryland.** Suitland High School principal Joseph Hairston instituted a week-long summer retreat for his faculty, department chairs and other key personnel to help them define their academic goals and set clear objectives. In two years, SAT scores rose by more than 100 points.



SHIRLEY WILKINSON

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should receive
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pay for their
tuition in
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private school.

VOTE IN
OUR POLL

Weisman reports on national issues from Washington, D.C. and is the author of six books, including the forthcoming "Rogue Warrior."

Nation

Some men last week were also impatient with the way the issue has been cast. Though his view is hardly typical, Fredric Hayward, the executive director of Men's Rights Inc. in Sacramento, examines the exact same situations but finds a different victim. Men may wield professional power, he says, but women have sexual power. "If I or a woman does not get a job because a female competitor displays more enticing cleavage, then what are we victims of?" he asks. "If I or a woman does not get a promotion because a female competitor has an affair with our boss, then what are we victims of?" In his view, men and women have an equal incentive to abuse whatever power they have. "For every executive who chases an executive around the desk," he declares, "there is a secretary who dreams of marrying an executive and not having to be a secretary anymore."

There are many possible answers to Hayward's characterization of women's professional behavior, which points to the dangers of generalization on this issue. One rebuttal might come from all the women who have struggled to erase their gender at the office door. "The minute I get in, I become one of the guys," says stand-up comic Reno, who works in comedy clubs. "I've got to take my breasts off and talk from the head up and slap everybody around. I become this desexualized creature so that we can all work together."

Susan Webb runs a consulting firm in Seattle that helps companies educate their employees about the issue of harassment. She says men almost always greet her with derision. "So now we're going to find out how to do it" is one reaction. Or, "I've been trying for years to get someone to sexually harass me." Says Webb: "The laughing is not because they are mean or bad, but because they really don't understand it." Part of what fuels the initial jokes, says Webb, is the fear of being blamed for or embarrassed about sexual harassment.

Many male supervisors are now wondering how careful they will have to be with their humor, their off-hand remarks, their courtship of colleagues in whom they are romantically

Should a man found to have engaged in sexual harassment of a woman be fired from his job?

Yes 53%

No 35%

interested. Florida state representative Kathy Chinoy is a lawyer whose specialty is sexual harassment. She finds that many of her colleagues in the statehouse are genuinely bewildered by the issue, though younger men, who grew up with a different code of conduct, seem to have a more acute understanding. She recommends a simple litmus test for men who are seeking guidance on what is appropriate and what is not: "Would you want your mother, sister or daughter exposed to that?"

The confusion can cut both ways. For a

woman who is attracted to her superior, the inferences that colleagues may draw from that relationship make her think long and hard before entering into a romance. Is it worth it for me to date my boss, a woman may think, if in the future others will snicker that my success has come about not because of my talent but because I'm involved with my supervisor?

How can it be, many people wondered last week, that such a huge majority of women seem to have had some visceral and personal experience with this issue and yet so few cases ever end up being formally settled, by the employer or by the court? Those who charge that the issue is exaggerated point to the tiny number of sexual-harassment charges—5,557 complaints—that ended up before the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission last year. It is true that cases are also handled in private litigation,

but overall the number of formal complaints reflects a minuscule fraction of the number of women who say they have experienced harassment at work.

But the fact that there is a wide gap between what women say they experience and what they take to court sheds considerable light on the issue. Lawyers are loath to take such cases, because the risks are great and the rewards small. The burden of proof is very high; as the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis noted in one ruling, the laws on sexual harassment "do not mandate an employment environment worthy of a Victorian salon." When women were asked why they had never taken formal action, the answer was stunningly consistent: Why commit professional suicide?

Though Anita Hill brought the issue into the spotlight, she was preceded by another highly visible, impressive and articulate woman who helped shape the national debate. When Stanford University neurosurgeon Frances Conley resigned her post this year to protest the behavior of her male colleagues, she forced men and women to weigh the costs of taking complaints public. Conley made a useful lightning rod, since by her demeanor she dispelled the notion of accusers as crybabies or oversensitive types who are not

When Love Letters Become Hated Mail

COURTESY, JONATHAN FOX PHOTO



Ellison kept it professional

At first, Kerry Ellison considered Sterling Gray an amiable pest. A fellow agent in the Internal Revenue Service's San Mateo, Calif., office, Gray, 45 and a married man, would often interrupt Ellison, 31, as she talked with colleagues. He also asked her out for lunch and drinks and would not be put off by her refusals. Then, in October 1986, he handed Ellison a note: "I cried over you all last night, and I'm totally drained today..."

Ellison, unsure about her rights, did not formally lodge a complaint at the time. A few days later, she traveled to St. Louis for tax-law training. Al-

though Ellison told few people where she was going, a three-page letter from Gray arrived in her hotel room. ("Some people seek the woman, I seek the child inside. With gentleness and deepest respect, Sterling.") Ellison filed a sexual-harassment petition with the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, which was eventually rejected because the love letters did not appear to violate any existing guidelines on sexual harassment.

Ellison took her case to court. "People who don't understand sexual harassment trivialize it," she says. Although the law traditionally examines behavior from the viewpoint of a "reasonable person," the Ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in San Francisco expanded that standard when it agreed last January that the situation merited a trial. The court acknowledged that a "reasonable woman" could view Gray's letters differently than a man would and feel threatened by them. This new standard, wrote the three-judge panel, "does not establish a higher level of protection for women... Instead, a gender-conscious examination of sexual harassment will enable women to participate in the workplace on an equal footing." Ellison's complaint goes to trial next year. ■

Nation

sophisticated enough to cope with office banter. She announced last month that she would rejoin the faculty, having been persuaded that her message had been heard.

It remains to be seen what will become of Hill once the passion of this public moment subsides. But for women with less of a pulpit, the results of coming forward can be devastating. Simone Lochlear, a 28-year-old restaurant manager in the South, filed a sexual-harassment suit against the manager of Washington's Dubliner Restaurant and Pub, who she alleged twice asked her to perform oral sex in front of another employee. After she filed a claim at the District of Columbia's human-rights office, she says, the manager had a private detective follow her and take notes on how she worked. She was fired two months later for failing to ring up drinks correctly. Her employer denies her charge, and she is still awaiting a ruling on her case. "It makes me really angry that someone could do this to me and mess with my mind. I was standing up for what was right and became the victim."

For many women the decision about whether to take any action or lodge a complaint is an economic one. Any action that might lead to loss of a job, or even alienation from co-workers, may seem too costly even for one's dignity or peace of mind. Anita Allen, a black woman who grew up in the South, became a philosophy professor at Carnegie-Mellon and went on to become a Wall Street lawyer. Last year she taught at Harvard law school as a visiting professor. "I have experienced sexual harassment in every area

Do you think sexual harassment occurs when a man who is a woman's boss or supervisor:

	Yes
Flirts with the woman	41%
Makes remarks to her that contain sexual references or double meanings	80%
Frequently puts his arm around her shoulders or back	64%
Insists on telling sexual jokes to her	74%
Insists on discussing pornographic acts with her	91%
Pressures her to go out to dinner with him	77%
Asks her to have sex with him	87%

TIME/CNN poll by Vanhevelich Clancy Shuman

that I have worked, from comments to innuendo to times when I have literally been chased around a desk," she says. "I have accepted jobs from people who engaged in sexual harassment because I needed the job. I never considered a legal suit. I tried to pretend it didn't happen. Today I'd be different."

The financial cost is often high as well. The only time the EEOC provides free legal help is when it chooses to take the case to court—a rare occurrence. Women must typically hire private litigators, many of whom demand high fees because the cases are so hard to win and the settlements so low. Under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, a woman who wins a suit is entitled to reinstatement with back pay. There is no provision for punitive damages, though some state and municipal laws are more generous. The civil rights bill that is now pending would allow for punitive damages, but President Bush has promised a veto.

In the absence of any strong federal enforcement, the responsibility for ad-

ressing the issue has fallen to private employers. Their interest in the problem is self-interest: the courts have ruled that companies are liable for their employees' behavior, even if they are unaware of it and have anti-harassment policies in place. According to a 1988 survey of FORTUNE 500 companies by *Working Woman* magazine, ignoring the issue costs a typical FORTUNE 500 company as much as \$6.7 million a year in absenteeism, turnover and lost productivity. Three-quarters of the firms have established anti-harassment policies, 90% have received complaints, and 64% acknowledge that most of the complaints they hear are valid. In roughly 80% of cases, the harasser is reprimanded; in 20%, a firing results.

But whatever standards and expectations were in place before last week, they now lie in pieces on the office or the factory floor. Too many conversations occurred, too many stories were told, for men and women to return comfortably to old patterns of behavior. In the immediate future, progress may come on tiptoe. For a little while at least, an excess of care, though dampening the easy working relationships both men and women value, may be an appropriate antidote to so many years of clumsiness and indifference to this issue. Once the ground settles under everyone's feet, perhaps the intricacies of the law will become less important, because the standards of acceptable behavior will have been forever raised.

—Reported by Priscilla Panton and Andrea Sachs/New York and Jeanne L. Reid/Boston

A Sexual Etiquette Guide

For advice on how to deal with unwelcome attentions in the office, TIME consulted etiquette experts Letitia Baldrige and Judith Martin (Miss Manners). Their counsel:

Your supervisor asks you for a date despite the fact that you have already refused him once. How do you politely say no in a strong enough way that he won't ask you a third time?

BALDRIGE: It's not a time to be mealy-mouthed. You should say, "I enjoy working for this company, but I am not going to go out with you." You have to make it perfectly clear that you will not have any of that nonsense.

Your boss has referred to the women in the office as "skirts" or has addressed you as "honey." How do you get him to stop?

MARTIN: If it's a first offense, you can treat it lightly. He may be a well-meaning man who has always called women "honey" and needs to be educated. But if it continues, you should be firm and say, "I prefer to be addressed as Miss Smith."

What do you do when a colleague continually tells you of his sexual fantasies?

BALDRIGE: Say, "Look, you have a serious problem. As a friend, I would suggest that you get a therapist, because you need help." If he won't stop, you report him.

How do you keep your professional distance when your employer feels it is O.K. to constantly touch you, or leans in too close at your desk?

MARTIN: The thing to do is to scream and say, "Oh, I'm sorry, you startled me." Then move away. They don't do it a second time.



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Alice Walker's controversial *The Color Purple*: a riveting look at oppressed women that severely divided blacks

The Stereotypes of Race

Both Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas must overcome realities and myths to get a fair hearing from society

By JACK E. WHITE

No matter what the confusing confrontation between Clarence Thomas and Anita Hill may have obscured, it left one thing clear: the U.S. is still haunted by powerful racial and sexual myths. After Hill's charges burst into print, Thomas and his supporters equated her claims with the lynchings of thousands of black men. "I will not provide the rope for my own lynching," Thomas declared at the start of the hearings; later he added that the broadcast of Hill's testimony was a "high-tech lynching" of an "uppity" black.

That was a curious choice of words from a man who has spent his public life distancing himself from racial stereotypes. But the image of Thomas symbolically dangling from a tree tapped into the pent-up rage all blacks feel at the violence and bigotry they have suffered for centuries: in this case, an appeal to racial resentments was the first resort of a black man accused of sexist crimes. To accept Hill's story, Thomas implied, was to join in a racist plot.

Thomas' words swayed many males, both black and white. The impact may have been caused in part by the fact that black women's complaints about sexist behavior are taken even less seriously than white women's. Held down by racism and the sexism of both black and white males, black females are one of society's most oppressed groups. Yet their attempts to call attention to their plight routinely provoke storms of angry denial of the legitimacy of their complaints. An example: the denunciations that were heaped on Alice Walker for her novel *The Color Purple* and the film that was based on it. Some critics falsely charged that Walker was a lesbian who hated black men because she created a heroine who was savagely mistreated by nearly every black male she encountered.

The tendency to dismiss black women's complaints as either exaggerations or outright fantasies has grown stronger since the Tawana Brawley fiasco. In that case, a 15-year-old black girl claimed that she had been abducted and raped by a mysterious gang of white men. It turned out that she had cooked up the story. Some feminists believe the doubts about black women's veracity stirred up by Brawley's lies may have

led to acquittals in several rape cases in which the victim was a black woman.

The lowest point on the first day of the hearings came when Pennsylvania Republican Arlen Specter implied that Hill had simply fantasized Thomas' asking for dates and his lurid remarks about pornography. It is all but inconceivable that a similarly qualified man, black or white, would be accused not merely of lying but of imagining things. On Saturday the campaign to discredit Hill sank to even lower depths when Utah Republican Orrin Hatch suggested that she had fabricated her accusations, in cooperation with liberal interest groups, from such disparate sources as court cases and *The Exorcist*.

Being taken seriously was only one of the obstacles Hill had to confront in making her case against Thomas. She may have found it equally difficult to go against two other strains of racial solidarity. One is the widespread fear among blacks of "washing dirty laundry in public," for fear of embarrassing the race. The other is the strong possibility that her charges would end up derailing the confirmation of the only black George Bush would appoint to the Supreme Court.

On the other hand, race played a role in the rush to judgment against Thomas. Given the stereotype of sexually rapacious black men, it was easy for many Americans, black and white, to conclude that Thomas was guilty even before they heard Hill's testimony.

Either Thomas or Hill is lying about what happened behind closed office doors. So far, no one, not even Thomas, has suggested a reason for Hill to tell untruths about him. Nor, despite the innuendos from Specter and Hatch, is there evidence that she suffers from a mental illness that would lead her to fabricate her story.

Hill has paid an enormous price in unwanted notoriety. She testified that she had never intended to make a complaint against Thomas until she was contacted by Democratic Senate staffers, and she continued to agonize about how far she should go even after being interviewed by the FBI. Whoever is telling the truth, Anita Hill's story would not have set the stage for last week's appalling spectacle if the Judiciary Committee had initially treated her story as seriously as the Senators would have taken an equally explosive charge by a white male.

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Photo: Rick Oyama

MIDDLE EAST

Must We Talk? Now?

As the date for a peace conference nears, Israel and the Arabs show acute discomfort at the idea of being face to face

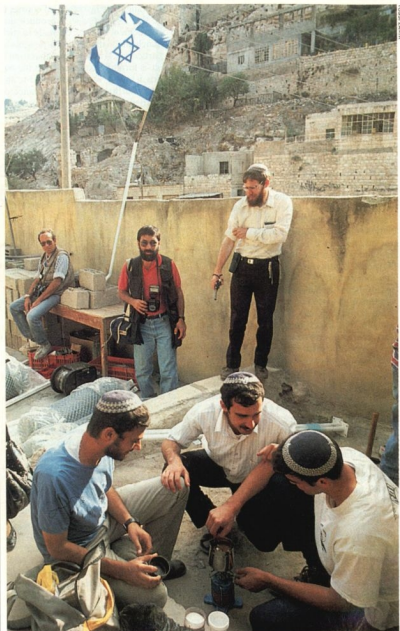
By GEORGE J. CHURCH

Nothing, Samuel Johnson once remarked, so concentrates a man's mind as the knowledge that he is to be hanged in a fortnight. In the Middle East, the approach of a peace conference has the same effect. As Secretary of State James Baker took off last weekend for what he called his final swing to nail down arrangements for the gathering that will at last bring Arabs and Israelis face to face, those two sides were anxiously bumping and jostling each other.

Which does not necessarily mean the conference is in danger of fizzling. Quite the contrary: almost everybody seems to believe it really will meet. It is the very knowledge that they cannot back out now without severely damaging their causes in the court of world opinion that is prodding all parties to stake out hard-line positions to be defended once the formal talks begin. Says Shibley Telhami, a Middle East expert at Cornell University: "Barring some crazy event, I don't see what can stop the conference now. The momentum is there."

Even Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat is reconciled. He is being treated officially as a nonperson by both Israel and the U.S., and the P.L.O. will be pointedly excluded from participating. Nonetheless, in an interview with *TIME* conducted last week at one of his safe houses in Tunisia, Arafat was specifically asked whether Baker was likely to succeed in setting up the conference. His reply: "Yes. According to a message I just received from Soviet Foreign Minister Boris Pankin after his meeting with Mr. Baker, it will be at the end of this month." Moreover, Arafat made it clear that he saw the conference as a real opportunity for the Palestinians. "It is a turning point, no doubt of it," he said. "We have to persuade our friends that it should not just be a ceremonial session. There must be a determination to achieve real peace."

There is, of course, always the chance of that "crazy event"—some provocation by extremists on either side that would push the other beyond endurance. Baker warned last week that the approach of the conference is likely to prod terrorists and other provocateurs into action intended to



Israelis settle in Arab East Jerusalem: reminding Shamir to give no quarter

break it up. And Arafat cautioned that while he would do everything possible to prevent disruption, he could not control the most radical factions. Almost on cue, violence erupted. In Tel Aviv a Palestinian driver plowed a van into a group of Israeli soldiers on a busy street corner, killing two and injuring 11.

Jewish extremists were just as determined to make their point. A group of settlers, accompanied by a deputy Cabinet minister, moved into six houses and apartment buildings in Arab East Jerusalem to send the government a message that no retreat would be tolerated from the occupied lands, particularly the Holy City. If that position makes it more difficult to convene a peace conference—well, said some far-right members of Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir's Likud-led coalition, so much the better. The government, however, branded the move a "mistake," removed the settlers from five of the houses, and shuffled the dispute over to the Attorney General's office.

Then it was Syria's turn. Washington sources disclosed that Syrian officials had told Baker at the end of September that they had serious doubts about participating in the broad regional talks scheduled to discuss such topics as water rights, disarmament and protection of the environment—to reach in effect a general reconciliation between the Arabs and Israel. These negotiations—which also include the Gulf Cooperation Council, representing states such as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait that have no territorial controversies with Israel—are to run concurrently with the bilateral talks between Israel and its adversaries on such matters as disputed territory, including the West Bank, the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights. The idea is to convince both sides that neither is a demon and that however envenomed the territorial disputes become, they can still reach accommodation on other issues. Israelis, or so goes the reasoning, especially need to be convinced that the Arab world is ready to live with the Jewish state, and the regional talks are a major way to provide such assurance.

Syria, however, objected to such talks for fear that Israel would pocket any concessions it made without giving ground toward returning the Golan Heights, seized from Syria in the 1967 war. If President Hafez Assad is really backing out now, the other Arabs might follow suit. But he appeared primarily to be laying down a marker—no agreement on anything without a return of the Golan—and building pressure on the U.S. to push Israel to do so.

Israel adopted a lofty attitude. Says Yosef Ahimier, a key aide to Shamir: "This is a bad signal about the intentions of the Syrians going into the conference, but we will not judge the Syrians on what they declare now. The real test will be at the negotiations themselves."

But the Israelis did their bit toward in-

creasing tensions by sending four F-16 fighter planes over Iraq to scout out Scud missile sites, crossing through the airspace of Lebanon, Syria, Saudi Arabia and Jordan in the process. Jerusalem's explanation was that it was not satisfied with U.S. intelligence on Iraq's remaining military capabilities and wanted to see for itself what it might be up against if the festering disagreements over Iraq's disarmament came to blows. In fact, Shamir's government seemed to be sending a firm message to its own people as much as to the U.S. and the Arabs: Don't expect us to meekly follow the U.S. We will look after our own interests whatever Washington does.

Convening the conference, of course, is only the first step. Having it produce any kind of agreement that can be made to stick will be much, much harder, if it is possible at all. In particular, Arafat warned that even if his P.L.O. is formally excluded from the negotiations, it must give its imprimatur to any agreement that has the faintest chance of being carried out. In his interview with

TIME, the P.L.O. chief belligerently asked, "With whom are the Israelis going to make peace? With ghosts? With the Palestinians!" And like it or not, with the P.L.O. Added Arafat: "None of the Palestinians inside or outside the occupied territories can move or talk without P.L.O. approval. If we have to follow what the American Administration wants with the Israelis, we still have to know who will sign and who will give the orders. The main issue is between the Palestinians and the Israelis. They have to be there, and we have to be there."

A settlement acceptable to the P.L.O. and Israel—and Syria, and Jordan, and Saudi Arabia, and the U.S.—is as difficult to imagine as ever. As another saying goes, You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink. On the other hand, a whole herd of wild Middle East horses is at least, and at last, being led to the water of a peace conference. Just getting them there and giving them an opportunity to drink is no small achievement.

—Reported by Lisa Beyer/Jerusalem and J.F.O. McAllister/Washington



Arafat: Don't Count Me Out

Israel refuses to negotiate with him, and the U.S. pretends he does not exist, yet Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat makes his views known constantly to the diplomatic world via fax, cordless telephone and intermediaries. In a 90-minute interview with TIME correspondents Dean Fischer and William Dowell, Arafat expressed considerable bitterness toward the U.S., while stressing his own indispensability to Middle East peace. Excerpts:

Q. Are you happy with the assurances the U.S. has given the Palestinians?

A. Until now, it is not enough. The dialogue between the P.L.O. and the U.S. should be resumed. No double standards.

Q. How do you feel about a conference convened without you?

A. It will be difficult. The U.S. is asking the approval of the P.L.O., but the P.L.O. has to stay in the shadows. Give me one example in history where one party has dictated another party's delegation.

Q. Palestinian intermediaries are outside the P.L.O. and yet they carry your message.

A. Even Shamir knows they consult me day and night by phone. I dial direct.

Q. The U.S. is suggesting that Palestinian autonomy could be dealt with first and the question of Jerusalem later.

A. Why? During a transitional period I accept United Nations auspices. Or even an American presence. Or a joint American-Soviet presence. But I don't accept a transitional period of five years. Plus another year or two of negotiations? Unfair! Unfair! The American Administration has been blackmailed by the Israelis.

Q. Do you think the U.S. understands your requirements?

A. I am sorry to say that they are asking of us everything and they are offering us nothing. Baker is repeating the Israelis' claims and conditions. No to self-determination. Nothing concerning Jerusalem. No for any participation of the P.L.O.

Q. Yet you haven't lost hope in Bush?

A. I still have hope, but the U.S. has to prove its sincerity and credibility.



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America Abroad

Strobe Talbott

Heading Off a Chain Reaction

Soviet and American diplomats were back at it last week, trying to make an agreement out of the disarmament bombshells that George Bush and Mikhail Gorbachev had just finished lobbing at each other. The latest round of benevolent one-upmanship is intended to diminish the danger of war, save money both countries need for domestic spending and set a good example for the rest of the world.

That much Bush and Gorbachev acknowledge. But they're also engaged in a tacit conspiracy to eliminate as many nuclear weapons as possible from parts of the U.S.S.R. that want to be independent countries.

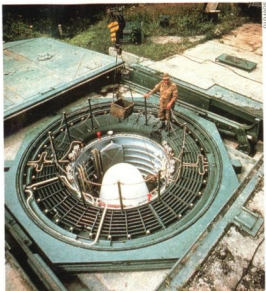
As recently as a few months ago, the leaders of pro-independence movements in the non-Russian republics were virtually unanimous in demanding the removal of Soviet nukes. One parliament after another passed resolutions proclaiming nuclear-free zones. Popular support for such measures was strongest in Ukraine and Belorussia, which are permanently scarred by the Chernobyl disaster, and Kazakhstan, where radioactive "venting" from underground testing at Semipalatinsk has caused generations of children to be born deformed and diseased.

The leaders in the outlying republics are an odd mix. Some were dissidents under the old regime; others were minions of Moscow who embraced nationalism only when it was expedient. When the abortive coup in August accelerated the disintegration of the union, sovereignty went from a slogan to a realistic, negotiable objective. Provincial politicians looked in the mirror and saw statesmen and strategists. They started having second thoughts about whether sending local Soviet missile crews packing was a good idea after all. Nuclear storage facilities and launch sites suddenly looked less like imperial outposts and more like valuable assets that might come in handy as the republics bargain with the Kremlin over the terms of confederation or secession: You want your ICMBs back? O.K., but first you'll have to agree to the following 87 points in our declaration of independence.

"Almost overnight these guys have seen an impossible dream come within reach," says Roger Molander, a strategic analyst at the Rand Corp. "They look at the leverage they've got in their dealings with Moscow, and they say to themselves, 'Hey! Here's the chance of a millennium. Let's go for it!'"

Some leaders in the republics are almost surely thinking about more than just the trade-in value of all that lethal hardware in their midst. They may be asking themselves, What's the ultimate status symbol and guarantee of sovereignty in the late 20th century? One tempting, though dangerous answer: a nuclear arsenal of one's very own.

Officials in Ukraine, Kazakhstan and Belorussia have been



A good bargaining chip—or the ultimate status symbol

dropping broad hints that they want at least to preserve the option of eventually commandeering nuclear-weapons facilities under their jurisdiction and running up their own flags over the command-and-control bunkers.

Ukrainian President Leonid Kravchuk, the prototypical born-again nationalist, is in the habit of referring to all Soviet weapons in his republic as "ours." He enjoys pointing out that Ukraine would be the third largest nuclear power on earth, after the U.S. and whatever is left of the U.S.S.R. Kazakhstan would be fourth. Belorussia would be in the next echelon with Britain, France and China.

In an interview with CNN last week, Alexei Arbatov, an expert on international security in Moscow, asked, "Who knows what might happen in even half a year? Extremist forces [in the

republics] might claim the right" to their own nukes.

If the Soviet stockpile, like the Soviet Union itself, mimics nuclear fission and splits into smaller pieces, the result could be a burst of proliferation throughout the Eurasian landmass. Just one example: if a free Ukraine were to have its own Bomb, Poland might want one too. Sooner or later, Germany would feel compelled to rethink its policy of remaining a nuclear have-not.

To avert that kind of chain reaction, the Bush Administration is trying to dissuade the republics from making proprietary claims to whatever weapons of mass destruction remain within their borders once the latest arms-cut agreement is implemented. When traveling to the U.S.S.R. or receiving Soviet visitors in Washington, American officials issue a blunt warning: U.S. political and economic support for the republics will depend on their willingness to leave control over all nuclear forces firmly in the hands of the central government.

There is a certain logic and appeal to this injunction. Even if the would-be founding fathers of some would-be new countries harbor nuclear ambitions, they know perfectly well which republic will end up with the most warheads and launchers stationed on its territory: Russia. The Ukrainians, Kazakhs, Belorussians and the rest would prefer that all that megatonnage remain Gorbachev's responsibility rather than become the property of Boris Yeltsin.

Nothing personal against Yeltsin here. He's been a champion of democracy. But no one can be sure about Yeltsin's successors. The other republics don't want to break free of their decades- or centuries-old bonds to Moscow only to live in the shadow of a nuclear-armed Russia. In the end, they may even settle for something less than total sovereignty, ceding what they see as their nuclear rights to a higher and larger authority, if only to be sure that Russia does the same thing.

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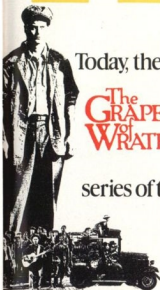
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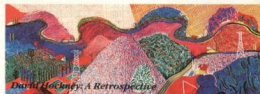
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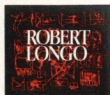
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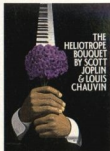
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OPENS OCTOBER 18

WORLD NOTES

HAITI

Shifting on Aristide?

When a military coup sent Jean-Bertrand Aristide into exile late last month, George Bush's first reaction was to denounce the overthrow and call for the reinstatement of Haiti's first democratically elected President. But last week Bush seemed to back away, citing allegations of human-rights abuses by the activist priest—charges soon bolstered by an Organization of American States team in Haiti. Most disturbing: a Sept. 27 speech in

which Aristide seemed to condone Père Lebrun, a Haitian form of lynching in which a gasoline-soaked tire is set ablaze around a victim's neck. Officially, the U.S. continued to advocate Aristide's return, but the likelihood of intervention on his behalf dropped sharply.

Aristide reacted by pledging to fortify democratic institutions if he is returned to power. That prospect became more complicated when Joseph Nerette, 67, a Supreme Court judge, was sworn in as provision-



Nerette: a figurehead leader

al President. The figurehead President was hastily appointed by Haitian lawmakers after sol-

diers stormed the legislature to close off a constitutional loophole that would allow Aristide's return. Other troops took over the Port-au-Prince airport while the head of the Haitian armed forces, Brigadier General Raoul Cedras, and OAS diplomats were meeting there.

The undisciplined attacks suggested that Cedras, initially considered the coup leader, did not control the army. As events unfolded, it became clear that Major Michel François, 34, head of the police force in Haiti's capital, was the mastermind of the coup and the driving force behind the violence that has now claimed 300 lives. ■

IRAQ

Spiking the Big Guns

Although Iraq agreed last April to relinquish any nuclear, chemical, biological or ballistic weapons in its possession as a condition for a cease-fire in the Persian Gulf war, it probably never envisioned the scene that took place in the mountains north of Baghdad last week. While United Nations experts looked on, Iraqi workers slit holes in the barrels of five "superguns" that Baghdad could have used to hurl shells at neighbors 400 miles away.

At the same time, concern about the scope of President Saddam Hussein's nuclear program increased when U.N. offi-

cials disclosed that secret documents seized by an inspection team last month showed Iraq

had produced small amounts of lithium-6, a chemical used only in hydrogen bombs. The substance was kept at the Al-Atheer weapons center 40 miles south of Baghdad, a facility virtually unscathed by the war.

While a team of experts flew to Iraq to begin searching for evidence of a potential H-bomb, the U.N. Security Council drafted a resolution aimed at preventing Iraq from ever regaining a nuclear capability. The provisions for mandatory reporting by Baghdad sound overly optimistic, given Saddam's past deceptions. ■



A "supergun" before destruction

Violence is nothing new in Punjab. So far this year, 4,200 people have been killed in clashes between the Hindu-dominated government and militant Sikhs, who have been fighting for a separate nation called Khalistan since the early 1980s. But what could Sikh rebels possibly have against the Romanians?

Well, the abduction was apparently a retaliation for the death of a Sikh extremist and the arrest of two others in the attempted assassination of Julio Ribeiro, 62, the Indian ambassador to Romania, in Bucharest two months ago.

Ribeiro, who was shot while walking with his wife in a suburb of the Romanian capital, has long been a target because of his get-tough "bullet-for-bullet" policy toward Sikh separatists during his two-year tenure as police chief of Punjab. The kidnappers' current demands, however, strike much closer to home. They are seeking the release of three Sikhs who are facing death sentences for their role in the 1986 assassination of A.S. Vaidya, a former Indian army Chief of Staff. If these men are not set free, the separatists threatened, Radu will die. ■

THE PHILIPPINES

Homecoming Postponed

The tug-of-war between President Corazon Aquino and former First Lady Imelda Marcos over the burial of deposed dictator Ferdinand Marcos continued last week without resolution. After meeting with 14 Congressmen and governors from northern Luzon, Aquino agreed to allow Marcos' body to be flown directly from Hawaii, where the former President died two years ago, to his northern Luzon birthplace for burial—providing Marcos' followers would not use the event for political purposes. An agreement seemed at hand.

But in New York City, Imelda Marcos, who plans a return to the Philippines early next month for the first time since the Marcoses went into exile in 1986, scuttled the plan. It was her husband's dying wish to be buried in Manila, said she. "This was his choice. I am his wife, and I will not violate his word on my honor." ■



Imelda Marcos in New York City

INDIA

Hide and Sikh

The Romanian chargé d'affaires in New Delhi, Liviu Radu, 55, left his heavily guarded home one morning last week, climbed into his black Dacia sedan and was promptly seized by four armed men as he drove to his office. Two days later, the Khalistan Liberation Force and three other militant Sikh separatist groups in the Indian state of Punjab jointly claimed responsibility for the kidnapping.

Business

FINANCIAL SERVICES

Hitting the Credit Limit

No longer good as gold, American Express struggles to recover from painful attempts to diversify and a slump in card fortunes

By THOMAS MC CARROLL

In the race to create vast financial super-markets, American Express was among the first in line. Backed by a blue-chip image and the clout of its ubiquitous green charge cards, the Manhattan-based conglomerate went on a spending spree in which it acquired brokerage firms, insurance companies and a real estate business in an ambitious bid to offer a grocery list of investment services under one roof.

Initially, the strategy produced one success after another, contributing to American Express's almost mythic reputation for savviness and invincibility. But a recent chain of misfortunes, miscues and poor managerial decisions is prompting a re-appraisal of Amex's sterling reputation. Acquisitions that looked like master-strokes only a few years ago are now facing criticism; the managerial decision-making process that was once considered finetuned and flawless is suddenly being second-guessed; businesses that were thought to be impervious to economic downturns have proved to be vulnerable after all. In short, American Express is showing that it has chinks in its armor.

The latest shock is the poor performance of one of Amex's youngest and most vaunted products: the Optima card. Launched four years ago as Amex's response to Visa and MasterCard, the revolving-charge card was perceived as a winner. But the company announced earlier this month that Optima (total card members: more than 3 million) had suffered much higher defaults than expected. The result: \$155 million in Optima write-offs during the third quarter, which will produce a loss—the first one ever—of \$50 million to

\$75 million for the company's Travel Related Services division.

Moreover, the company disclosed last week that it is conducting an internal investigation to see whether Optima executives, either at its operations office in Jacksonville or at Manhattan headquarters, falsified records to hide the true degree of card-holder defaults. The Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. is probing the matter as well, because the American Express Centurion Bank, which issues Optima, filed incorrect documents with federal regulators as a result of the apparent cover-up. Amex investors, who suffered from a sharp drop in the company's stock when the Optima trouble came to light, have filed a class-action lawsuit claiming that the company misrepresented the card's performance.

With Optima, Amex had planned to cash in on a part of the card business the company had always disdained: revolving credit. Amex had issued only charge cards,

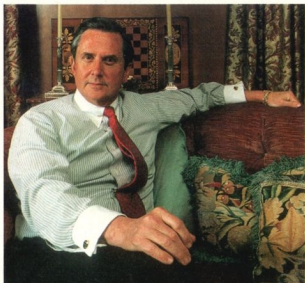


which had to be paid in full each month. But Visa and MasterCard had successfully turned credit cards into a consumer lending vehicle, and were gaining a huge share of the total charge volume at the expense of Amex's green, gold and platinum cards. (Visa has 257 million cards worldwide vs.

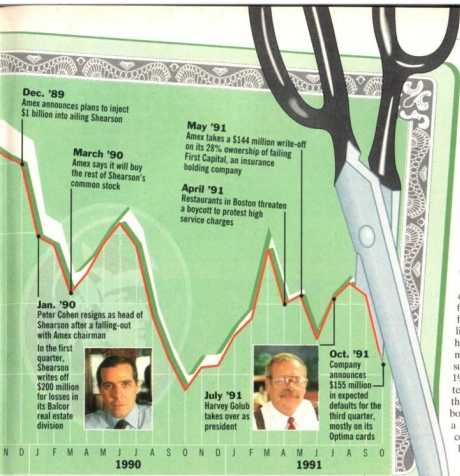
163 million for MasterCard and 37 million for Amex.) So American Express decided to counterattack with a credit card it would offer only to its existing customers, who were presumably good credit risks.

Unlike its competitors, however, Amex had woefully little experience in running a revolving-credit operation. Optima managers lacked the subtle nuances of knowing when to close bad accounts and start collecting. As a result, in the second quarter Optima's charge-off rate on accounts unpaid after 180 days was 8%, or about twice the average for similar cards. Says Alex (Pete) Hart, president of MasterCard: "American Express painfully discovered that the revolving-credit business is a different animal."

Many Amex customers,



Chairman Robinson: Why did he learn so late about Optima's woes?



though accustomed to paying in full each month, proved much less disciplined in their approach to the Optima card. "We thought we had better demographics and experience with our customers," says James Robinson, Amex's chairman, who defended the company's assumptions. "Either our hypothesis was wrong or we didn't manage it right." But Robinson believes that external factors, most notably the current recession, hit Amex's clientele especially hard. "We had models for dealing with tough times but not for a white-collar recession. The model wasn't tested for hurricanes."

Optima's troubles could hardly come at a worse time for its credit-card division, which has enjoyed uninterrupted growth ever since the green card was launched 33 years ago. That all changed this year with the drastic slowdown in consumer spending and travel that was prompted by the recession and the gulf war. Charge volume, which had been growing at more than 10% annually during the past two years, is expected to decline this year.

Adding to the card division's headaches have been a series of revolts by disgruntled merchants demanding that the company lower the rate it imposes for handling customer transactions. Traditionally, American Express has charged merchants a premium—as high as 4.25% for most retailers, about twice what Visa and MasterCard

charge. In justifying its rate, Amex contends that its customers tend to be bigger spenders than bank-card holders. But as Visa and MasterCard have become more competitive in the prestige-card market, merchants have lost patience with Amex's higher premium.

The most notable rebellion occurred in Boston, where several restaurants threatened to drop American Express unless it would renegotiate its rates. American Express refused, but quietly offered a standing discount for merchants who submit their receipts electronically. The company fears that if it gives in to one group, that could start a stampede by others demanding rate discounts. Amex's biggest fear is that airlines and hotels, which account for 45% of its merchant-fee income, will ask for renegotiated deals.

To control the damage, Robinson put bearlike Amex president Harvey Golub in direct charge of the Travel Related Services division, which includes card operations. Golub, known for his expertise on the ski slopes and in the kitchen, had been boss of one of Amex's few star performers, IDS Financial Services. To cut losses in the credit-card business, Golub plans a top-to-bottom overhaul at a cost of \$110 million, which will include laying off 1,700 workers. Among

other goals, Golub plans to boost the growth of Amex cards in force. Among the possible incentives: waiving the \$55 annual renewal fee for its green-card holders.

The problems in Amex's core business came after a long string of mishaps in its diversified pursuits. The chief money drain has been its Shearson Lehman Bros. investment arm, which suffered mightily from its \$962 million takeover of ailing and scandal-ridden E.F. Hutton in 1988. Shearson is just now starting to show signs of recovery from Wall Street's postcrash slump. Amex had hoped to flee the securities business, but after failing to find a buyer for Shearson, Amex injected \$1 billion in capital to restructure the firm.

Shearson took a direct hit in its real estate business, as did many financial firms. Shearson's Balcor subsidiary suffered \$200 million in loan losses, and was liquidated by the company in 1990. Amex had done even worse in the insurance business after buying Fireman's Fund, which suffered heavy underwriting losses. In 1986 Amex sold the company, but only after pumping more than \$400 million into the business. American Express suffered both scandal and loss at its Boston Co. unit, a money-management firm that was discovered to have improperly overstated its 1988 earnings by \$30 million.

The company seems increasingly wary about its forays beyond financial services, which in the past included illustrious but money-hungry start-ups like MTV. Amex may be preparing to recapitalize or sell off its ventures in magazine publishing, which it entered in 1968. The company has discussed selling part or all of its publications, which include *New York Woman* and *L.A. Style*, to an investment group controlled by buyout artist Henry Kravis.

While Amex's financial troubles could largely be chalked up as honest mistakes or twists of fate, one episode revealed a darker side of the corporate culture. In 1989 Amex managers admitted conducting a public smear campaign against Edmond Safra, a wealthy financier who had sold a bank to American Express in 1983. After he departed to start a competing bank, American Express officials began spreading the word that Safra was caught up with money launderers and drug traffickers.

Why did so many things go wrong for American Express in such a short time? Analysts who follow the company say much of the same hubris and lack of managerial controls responsible for the Optima scandal may also be the cause of past disasters. The company's failed foray into cable TV, critics say, was an example of an unwise management decision to find synergy where none existed. The company may have lost sight of its limits, says analyst Daniel Murray of Argus Research. "If you invented your own pri-

Business

vate money, you might be a little arrogant too."

The Optima affair, with its whiff of a cover-up, raises many unsettling questions about what top executives knew, and when. Robinson, for instance, concedes that he wasn't made aware of the problems at Optima until a month or so ago, a point that raised eyebrows throughout the industry. Says a high-ranking executive at a rival credit-card company: "I heard rumors about Optima's losses a year ago. Something's wrong when competitors knew before American Express senior executives did. If James Robinson didn't know, he should have."

Amex is now learning a humbling lesson. Earlier this year the company's weakened financial condition forced it to search for outside capital. Warren Buffett, the Omaha-based billionaire who serves as interim caretaker at Salomon Brothers, stepped in with a \$300 million investment. The company has also recognized that its managers have to adjust to an economic slowdown that may last for the better part of the 1990s. Says Robinson: "Management has to be able to deal with good times and bad. It's easier in good times, but we can't always operate in an environment that's friendly."

Robinson strongly denies that the com-

pany ever set out to be all things to all people, to become a true financial supermarket. Amex has always seen itself as more of a niche player, an upscale specialist. But Robinson concedes that his financial empire might have overreached in its scope. "This has been a time of tremendous turmoil and change," he says. "We've had problems along the way, but we've gone and fixed them." Robinson may not have fully repaired Amex just yet, but the company seems to have finally come to grips with the likelihood that the current decade will be a time of brutal competition and less-than-platinum expectations. ■

Power Marriage Has Its Privileges

When James Robinson III needs a little informal advice on how to polish the image of American Express, he has only to turn to his wife Linda. As president of the Manhattan p.r. firm Robinson, Lake, Lerer & Montgomery, she ranks among the most powerful—and controversial—publicists in America. Her clients range from Texaco, which she helped to fend off a takeover bid staged by raider Carl Icahn, to junk-bond king Michael Milken, whose infamy she tried to subdue. Together the Robinsons are a nonpareil power couple who cut a broad swath through the toniest boardrooms and ballrooms of the corporate elite.

Their marriage, the second for both, unites two over-achievers whose days are so crowded that it takes his-and-her secretaries to get them together for lunch. Linda, 38, the daughter of Freeman Gosden, who played Amos on the *Amos and Andy* show, was a deputy press secretary in Ronald Reagan's first presidential campaign. A quick study, she had risen to senior vice president for corporate affairs at Warner Amex Cable, a joint venture of Warner Communications and American Express, by the time she married Robinson in 1984. Two years later she launched Robinson Lake, which has since been acquired by the giant advertising firm Bozell, Jacobs, Kenyon & Eckhardt.

Robinson's aggressive p.r. tactics have sometimes misfired. In the tangled fight for RJR Nabisco, she failed to soften the reckless bravado of client Ross Johnson in his abortive attempt to buy the food and tobacco company he headed. The defeat was a setback for her husband too. American Express's Shearson Lehman unit had bankrolled Johnson, and Jim Robinson had worked closely on the deal. More recently, she sought to portray Milken as a misunderstood benefactor of the poor. But the campaign had little impact on perceptions of the junk man, who is serving a 10-year sentence for violating securities laws.

Despite their evident mutual admiration and shared passion for business, the Robinsons remain a bit of an odd couple in the eyes of some observers. "Linda's sort of Hollywood," says author Michael Thomas, a former investment banker. "I just don't think Jimmy's cut out for that. He is a man perfectly fitted to have been Eisenhower's Secretary of the Treasury."

Jim Robinson's drive and determination have never been in doubt. A dedicated weight lifter who bulked up from 125



The Robinsons at their country home in Connecticut

lbs. to more than 200 lbs. in college, he rises at dawn and begins each day with a workout, sometimes following along with a video called *Buns of Steel*. (Robinson's exercise routine has become the stuff of legend. *Business Week* reported three years ago that he did 300 sit-ups each morning; *FORTUNE* said at least 600 in a 1989 story; *Vanity Fair* put the number last year at 900.)

The scion of an Atlanta banking family, Robinson, 55, maintains a courtly manner and has donned the mantle of corporate elder statesman by frequently testifying before Congress and speaking out on pet issues like the benefits of free trade. Chairman since 1977, he has managed to portray himself as a leader above the fray of day-to-day problems, which has earned him a reputation as a Teflon-coated executive.

But that nonstick substance could be wearing thin. "Jimmy Robinson has been asleep at the switch," alleges an executive of a rival credit-card firm. "He's not what you call a hands-on manager. He spends too much time out having fun schmoozing with clients at golf dates." Robinson angrily denies such charges, arguing that outsiders have no idea of his schedule or how he spends his day. "Let them use an 80-hour week as a denominator," Robinson says. He knows it will take that much time, well spent, to retrieve the cachet that American Express has left home without.

—By John Greenwald. Reported by

Thomas McCarroll and Susanne Washburn/New York



Marlboro

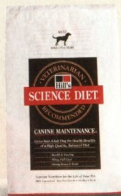
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Money Angles

Andrew Tobias

It Doesn't Take a Genius to Make a Killing

I have here three new books and an I.Q. score. The books concern Wall Street's fallen financiers. The I.Q. belongs to Nelson Peltz. It's not as titillating as, say, Dan Quayle's (now there would be a columnist's dream come true), but it does hold some interest when you consider that Nelson's net worth—which 10 years ago was roughly the size of your own, give or take a few million—is pegged in the just released *Forbes* 400 at \$600 million.

The first book, Dennis Levine's *Inside Out: An Insider's Account of Wall Street*, is junk, bound. Don't waste your time. Instead, to learn about Levine and Ivan Boesky and particularly about Mike Milken, read James B. Stewart's spectacular *Den of Thieves*. I read it because, like most people, I wasn't entirely sure. Was Milken, though guilty, the victim of a witch hunt over largely technical violations? Were he and his faithful servants, like Arthur Liman (for the defense) and Ken Lerer (for the p.r. machine), the ones I should root for? *Hah!* For the first time, it all comes clear. And guess what: the crooks were the crooks, and the feds were the good guys after all.

After reading *Den of Thieves*, you may in fact wonder whether Milken, whose 10-year sentence made folks gasp, didn't get off easy. Sure it's a waste to have a genius cleaning toilets. But if the downside of crime is appointment to a Treasury post, or some other challenging job, then where is the downside really?

And then there's John Rothchild's delectable *Going for Broke*, due out next month. It describes how Robert Campeau, a flamboyant French Canadian real estate developer who had absolutely no retailing experience—who at the time of his bid may have never even been in an Allied department store!—managed to acquire first Allied and then Federated, ultimately controlling a U.S. retailing empire with \$9 billion in sales—and \$11 billion in debt. A short time later, of course, Campeau's empire collapsed—but this is my point! Campeau went bust; Trump's on a leash; the guy who rented the QE 2 for his son's bar mitzvah sank; Boesky, who arrived at that bar mitzvah in mid-cruise via friend John Mulheren's helicopter, went to jail; so did Mulheren, briefly (but not before setting out with an assault rifle to kill Boesky); the S&L boys are in the soup; major insurers are having their ratings lowered; M&A star Bruce Wasserstein looks a little silly—and you mean to tell me that out of all this, unscathed, emerges Nelson Peltz?

The image of Milken scrubbing floors and Peltz presiding over hundreds of millions is remarkable, at the least. As described in Connie Bruck's exceptional 1988 best seller, *The Predators' Ball*, Milken made Peltz. He suggested Peltz buy giant National Can, and then American Can, among others, and then floated the \$3 billion in junk bonds for him to do it. Previously, Peltz had had a minor, mediocre business career.

But soon the can business entered a profitable cycle, and Peltz, and his more highly regarded one-third partner Peter May, would be lionized on the cover of *Business Week*. ("In your book," one of Peltz's advisers told Bruck at the time, "call him Nelson the Industrialist and make us all vomit.") In 1988 the can business would be sold to the state-owned French giant Pechiney, yielding Peltz, Milken et al. a nearly \$1 billion profit (and spawning its own insider-trading scandal among French government officials).

CUT TO 1986—the famed Drexel Burnham junk-bond conference—Peltz seated at a table with Boesky and T. Boone Pickens, among others. As Milken strides by, someone gushes, "Congratulations, Mike. You're a genius!" "No," Milken snaps back sarcastically, for all to hear, "Nelson Peltz here is a genius. I'm nothing."

CUT TO 1990—Chatting with a Wall Street veteran, I mention Peltz. "What?" he asks. "Is Nelson going to jail?"

"No! I don't know!" I say, alarmed he thinks I'm even suggesting such a thing.

"It would make everybody very happy," he grins.

Nelson Peltz has been charged with no crimes, and I'm not implying he has committed any. He has been indicted only by writer Benjamin Stein in *Baron's*. (Stein persuasively accuses Peltz of having skewered his fellow shareholders.) Now 49, and married to a former Ford model, he owns an \$18 million Palm Beach estate, a 106-acre, 22-room Westchester summer place and, I was told by his public-relations chief, is deeply concerned with the plight of the homeless.

Nelson grew up on Park Avenue, heir to a frozen-food business in Brooklyn. In my brother's class at school, he acted richer than the other rich kids and was known more as a snap-

py dresser than a brain. Math was particularly tough for him—an F in ninth grade and a D+ that summer; a C in 10th-grade algebra, but an F in geometry. In the 11th grade he pulled math up to C and C- (matching steady Cs in English), but failed citizenship. ("And that would eliminate..." his American history teacher paused, in a lecture about lurking communists... "YOU!" stage-whispered Nelson Peltz just a little too loud, in the incident that may have sealed his fate.) Nelson graduated from a different high school, then went on to, and dropped out of, college.

Needless to say, Einstein failed math, too, or so they say (actually, this almost surely is a myth), and any number of our most brilliant businessmen never finished college. But that would be overstating the case with Nelson. His I.Q., at 121, makes him brighter than 9 out of 10 boys on the bus, but still leaves about 500 million people on the planet even brighter than he. And perhaps more still who are nicer. But only a tiny, tiny few who are richer. ■



BUSINESS NOTES

SECURITIES

Now You See 'Em . . .

Did Merrill Lynch help disguise a failing insurance company to look healthy? The Securities and Exchange Commission is investigating whether the firm



Guarantee's offices: Swap meet?

made deals designed to dress up the books of Guarantee Security Life Insurance, a Jacksonville-based company that Florida regulators seized last August after it succumbed to losses on high-risk investments. Investigators say the company traded its junk bonds for as much as \$300 million in government securities in short-term swaps with Merrill in 1985, '86 and '88. The temporary deals allowed Guarantee Security to portray itself as financially healthy to state regulators during year-end audits. But secret trades to hide ownership of securities may constitute "parking," a violation of securities laws. "Merrill Lynch strongly denies that it engaged in any illegal or unethical activity," a company statement said. ■

SCANDALS

Fiddling Up A Fine Mess

The talk these days among the Irish is of "fiddles." Not the kind that make music but the ones that make money. Fiddle is a coy Celtic epithet for the sort of financial finaglings plaguing the Irish republic even as scandalmongers have their eyes on Tokyo and Manhattan: ▶ Tycoon Michael Smurfit, chairman of the state-owned phone company Telecom Eirann, resigned after disclosures that he owned an interest in the company that sold land to Telecom for its new headquarters.

▶ The head of Greencore, for-

merly the state-owned Irish Sugar Co., resigned after it was learned that he and other investors had borrowed \$1.7 million from Irish Sugar to buy shares of a company later bought, in turn, by Greencore. The arrangement earned them a handsome profit on their stake.

▶ Goodman International, Europe's biggest beef processor, is being investigated for possible fraud, including the export of 13-year-old meat. The firm rejects the charges.

Modest by Wall Street standards, these scandals are no small potatoes in Ireland. Prime Minister Charles Haughey is sufficiently close to some fiddle figures to be suffering a drastic drop in popularity. ■



Irish plutocrat Smurfit, who resigned his telephone-company post



The FTC stops employers from doing a job on prospective workers

EMPLOYEE RIGHTS

Big Brother Comes Clean

Your résumé was impressive. The job interview was flawless. You seemed to have that tempting new position in your pocket—but you didn't get it.

What happened? Your prospective employer may have checked out your credit record. According to the Federal Trade Commission, employers are increasingly using credit reports as an easy—and perhaps too facile—means of ascertaining a job applicant's "honesty and personal integrity." Yet compa-

nies are required by law to inform job applicants if their credit record played a role in their rejection and to identify the source of the negative information. Many employers fail to follow that law, but the FTC is cracking down. Last week four companies, including St. Louis-based aerospace giant McDonnell Douglas and New York retailer Macy's, settled FTC charges that they failed to tell passed-over applicants their credit records had been examined. The companies agreed to give rejected job applicants the names and addresses of the credit agencies that may have been consulted. ■

ENTERTAINMENT

The Peacock Gets Plucked

Until lately, the NBC peacock seemed more like a hawk let loose in a chicken coop. Such humongous hits as *Cheers* and *L.A. Law* made the network No. 1 in the ratings for the past six years. But in the new fall season, NBC suddenly trails behind a resurgent CBS and in some weeks ABC as well. On Sunday nights, NBC is even struggling to stay out of fourth place, behind the spunky Fox network. Reason: basement-level performance by four new shows, including two headed by big-name stars—Robert Guillaume in *Pacific Station* and James Garner in the apparently inaptly named *Man of the People*. NBC's Friday-night offerings are doing so poorly that begin-



So far, failing to garner viewers

ning this week the network is replacing two prime-time news programs with the well-worn *Matlock* mystery series.

The web's woes have been long in the making. Such reliables as *The Cosby Show* and *The Golden Girls* are aging, and NBC has no new hits to take up the slack. One consolation: other networks are facing a similar drought. So far, only one new program has made the top 20—ABC's *Home Improvement*. ■

Disposing of the Nuclear Age

The cold war has left the U.S. with mountains of hot garbage and no permanent site for storing it

President Bush may have struck a blow for world peace with his nuclear-weapons-reduction speech last month, but he has also handed a heavy burden to the atomic-arms industry. By the latest calculation, there are over 3,000 warheads headed for early retirement, containing about 25 tons of enriched uranium and 10 tons of plutonium—both radioactive and both difficult to dispose of. Moreover, the Department of Energy's Pantex bomb-assembly facility near Amarillo, Texas, which was expecting to build some 3,500 warheads over the next few years, suddenly has to reverse gears and begin dismantling weapons. Says Thomas Cochran, a nuclear-arms expert with the Natural Resources Defense Council: "It's doable, but if weapons production continues, it will strain the system."

Technically speaking, the process of decommissioning nukes is not very complicated—and in fact some 40,000 of the 60,000 weapons built since 1945 have already been retired, mostly because of obsolescence. After deactivation of their electronic triggers, the warheads are loaded back into their original, customized packing crates and, if overseas, flown back to the U.S. Under heavy guard, they are then shipped to Pantex by truck or train, along routes that are constantly changed and always kept secret. The most sensitive part of disassembly comes not



Components of a dismantled B-61 bomb

in handling the uranium and highly toxic plutonium, which are shielded in metal, but in dealing with the conventional explosives needed to trigger a nuclear chain reaction. Disassembly therefore takes place in underground bunkers known as "Gravel Gerties," whose roofs are mounded with gravel to contain any accidental blasts.

Once disassembly is complete, the real question arises. What to do with the leftover radioactive material from the bombs? When nuclear weapons were a growth industry, their parts could be recycled into new nukes. Now, however, the most readily reusable weapons ingredient is tritium, a radioactive gas used in some warheads to increase the power of the nuclear reaction. Tritium decays rapidly, so existing bombs

must be periodically replenished. This tritium windfall may even keep the Department of Energy from reactivating the accident-prone Savannah River plant near Aiken, S.C., where the gas is manufactured.

But aside from some uranium that will be recycled for use in nuclear-powered submarines, most of the fuel will have to be stored or dumped as waste. Unfortunately, the nation does not have a reliable, long-term plan for disposing of this deadly material. Most will probably be stockpiled at weapons plants, but there is a danger of loss, theft and environmental damage from mishandling.

A far bigger problem, from an environmental standpoint, is what to do with the tens of thousands of tons of hot waste left over from 46 years of weapons production—everything from gloves to ball bearings. This material will remain radioactive for millennia. The

U.S. has only one facility designed to store this production waste, but the opening of the Waste Isolation Pilot Plant, 655 m (2,150 ft.) underground in massive salt domes near Carlsbad, N. Mex., has been stymied by political wrangling and safety concerns. Last week the Department of Energy attempted to sidestep congressional deliberations on the matter and ship the first load of waste to the plant. It was halted after New Mexico filed a federal lawsuit, and the DOE agreed to postpone the shipment. For the time being, 1 million bbl. of the deadly stuff continue to sit in temporary storage, as they have for decades.

—By Michael D. Lemonick.
Reported by Nancy Harbert/Albuquerque and
Bruce van Voorst/Washington

Milestones

DIED. Ann Wickett Humphry, 49, ex-wife of Derek Humphry, author of the best-selling guide to committing suicide, *Final Exit*; an apparent suicide by drug overdose; near Bend, Ore. In 1978 Ann and Derek Humphry wrote *Jean's Way*, a book recounting how Humphry helped his first wife, who had breast cancer, kill herself in 1975. Ann and Derek Humphry were co-founders of the Hemlock Society, which advocates voluntary euthanasia for the terminally ill. Ann Humphry charged that Derek Humphry abandoned her in 1989 after she too was found to have breast cancer and underwent surgery.

DIED. Redd Foxx, 68, scabrous comedian; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles. After making a name as a nightclub comic specializing in blue humor, Foxx became a TV

star in the role of an irascible junk dealer on *Sanford and Son*, a sitcom that lasted from 1972 to 1977. He suffered the attack while rehearsing an episode of his new CBS-TV series, *The Royal Family*.

DIED. Natalia Ginzburg, 75, Italian novelist and essayist, whose spare, understated prose focused on so-called small subjects: the minutiae of family relationships and the inner lives of women and children; of cancer; in Rome. A member of the Independent Left who had served in Parliament since 1983, she won the prestigious Strega Prize for her 1963 masterpiece, the autobiographical *Family Sayings*.

DIED. Leo Durocher, 86, combative baseball manager who piloted two clubs into three World Series and whose hard-boiled

comment about a rival team ("Nice guys. Finish last.") captured the unforgiving side of American sports; in Palm Springs, Calif. After a career as a sure-handed shortstop, Durocher became manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1939 and led them to a pennant in 1941. Baseball Commissioner Happy Chandler suspended him for the 1947 season because of incidents the commissioner construed as "detrimental to baseball." The following summer Durocher left the Dodgers to manage the New York Giants, and guided them to a pennant in 1951 and a World Series crown in 1954. Durocher's enduring image will be his fierce nose-to-nose jousts with umpires.



The World on a Screen

Interactive multimedia could bring a universe of words, sounds and pictures to our fingertips, but today's systems are still a jumble

By PHILIP ELMER-DEWITT

Some technologies seem fated to succeed. The telephone. The automobile. The electronic computer. Each offered advantages over its predecessors so compelling that failure, in retrospect, seems almost unimaginable.

Now the same aura of inevitability has attached itself, at least in some circles, to a technology known as interactive multimedia. It is a broad term—and one that most certainly needs a catcher moniker—that encompasses a variety of systems for bringing information, music, voice, animation, photos and video images together on a screen in people's living rooms and workplaces. Multimedia represents the coalescence of three key communications technologies: television, personal computers and laser storage systems like the videodisc and the compact disc. These technologies are on a collision course, say multimedia enthusiasts, and when they merge, life as we know it will never be the same.

As if to underscore those predictions, technology watchers are being treated this month to an unprecedented burst of multimedia-related activity. Last week representatives of more than 70 high-tech firms, led by Microsoft and Tandy, gathered at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City to unveil the Multimedia PC (MPC), a souped-up personal computer that can play games, video and interactive programs stored on silver discs that look like audio CDs. Prices start at \$2,800—or about \$800 more than an ordinary PC. One week earlier, former archrivals Apple and IBM revealed plans to start a joint venture, Kaleida, charged with designing their own version of multimedia computers.

This week the Dutch electronics giant Philips will unveil its Compact Disc Interactive system, also called CD-I, a \$1,000 computerized CD player that can be hooked up to a standard TV set to play all manner of games and run interactive programs. Five years in the making, the VCR-size unit joins CDTV, a similar machine that was introduced by Commodore in January, and CD-ROM, a system for playing CDs on Apple and IBM-compatible personal computers. Even Nintendo has announced

plans to attach a compact-disc drive to the latest version of its video-game machine. "After years of public relations hype," says David Bunnell, publisher of a start-up magazine called *NewMedia*, "multimedia finally is for real."

Or is it? For all the hoopla and claims of inevitability, interactive multimedia is still far from a sure thing. None of the devices that have arrived in U.S. stores so far can be called a hit. And the multiplicity of gadgets is sure to be confusing to consumers. Every new technology has its growing pains; the early years of the computer—and even the automobile—were littered with setbacks, false starts and skepticism. For multimedia, the road ahead may be even bumpier.

No one doubts that the basic idea behind the technology is a powerful one. Television has demonstrated an uncanny ability to grab a viewer's attention, but it remains a quintessentially passive medium. The personal computer is a highly interactive tool for searching through vast quantities of data, but until now it has been restricted largely to manipulating dry text and numbers. And thanks to the popularity of laser-based media, videodiscs and compact music discs have become the cheapest method ever devised for storing informa-

tion. The same shiny Mylar CD that holds 72 minutes of crisp digital sound can be used to store more than half a gigabyte of computer data—roughly 300,000 pages of text—and yet can be stamped out for less than \$1.

Futurists describe the ultimate multimedia machine as a device that would sit in an office, den or schoolroom and do all the things today's media do—play music, movies, games—while also providing viewers with the functional equivalent of a joy stick to pursue their own interests or needs. People could buy discs on everything from the Civil War to the Persian Gulf war, from child rearing to quantum physics, which would provide words, sound and video pictures at the viewer's command.

Want to know more about something you heard on the news? A few clicks on an electronic mouse would call to the screen a selection of wire-service stories, background articles and reports from a library of videotapes. Need a quick briefing on Einstein's general theory of relativity? A few more clicks would retrieve not just the text of his writings but also charts, films and computer simulations that would bring those words and formulas to life.

While today's machines offer aspects of the interactive multimedia experience, none of them deliver anything close to this vision of the future. Problems begin with the compact disc as a storage device. Because CDs were designed to store music, not pictures or computer information, their data-retrieval rates are limited. Users find that there is often an annoying pause while the CD drive fetches a new screenful of information—giving the machines a sluggish quality that people used to the furious pace of TV shows and video games may deem unacceptable. "Let's face it," says Denise Caruso, editor of the newsletter *Digital Media*, "the disc drives are just too slow."

A bigger problem is that most of the competing devices are incompatible. With the exception of the MPC, which has the cooperation of a dozen hardware manufacturers, a disc purchased to play on one company's machine will not play on the others. This breeds the kind of confusion and consumer resistance that characterized the early days of the computer

MARRYING TVs, CDs AND PCs



CD-ROM Compact discs that can be played on a personal computer. The first technology to exploit the huge storage capacity of CDs, it requires different discs for different brands of computers.

MPC A personal computer with a CD drive built in. More than 70 companies, led by Microsoft and Tandy, are producing MPC hardware and software.

CD-I A computerized CD player built by Philips that plugs into a television set instead of using a computer screen.

CDTV Commodore's version of CD-I, marketed earlier but with a more limited selection of software.

Kaleida A new joint venture by Apple and IBM to develop their version of the multimedia computer of the future. First product due in the mid-'90s.

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE LANTIERO

IBM'S COLUMBUS PROJECT

Everything you wanted to know about the 15th century explorer. An electronic pointing device, or mouse, lets you navigate through an extensive collection of maps, documents and narrated films stored on a videodisc. The small boxes on the right are "tools" for examining "articles"—some of which are pictured in the center. Dragging the magnifying-glass tool, top right, onto the picture of Columbus, for example, gives a synopsis of a filmed article about his roots, family and education. Clicking the mouse displays the full article. The telescope tool allows you to pursue the subject in greater depth.



SIERRA ON-LINE'S MIXED-UP MOTHER GOOSE In this game, kids control the speed (hare or tortoise) and volume of the computer as they wander through a fantasy land looking for the missing pieces to nursery rhymes. Here, Peter Pumpkin Eater pines for the wife he couldn't keep.

and VCR industries. Some analysts believe a multimedia shakeout is inevitable. Yet there is widespread optimism in the computer and entertainment camps that these problems will be solved, if not by the next generation of CD players, then sometime in the not so distant future when homes and offices begin to receive massive quantities of digital information through their phone lines or cable-TV systems.

Meanwhile, a surprising number of companies are developing programs to run on the current machines. Among them are reference-book publishers like Britannica and Grolier, magazine publishers like

Time Warner and National Geographic, film companies like Lucasfilm and Disney, electronics manufacturers like Sony, Fujitsu and NEC, as well as a long list of software publishers.

Today there are hundreds of multimedia videodiscs and CDs for sale or in development. Most are fairly straightforward elaborations of products already available as books or on traditional computer disks. But some of them take advantage of the power of the new media to achieve extraordinary results. Among the best are a series of videodiscs from ABC News InterActive that allow users to explore subjects like the



VERBUM INTERACTIVE What better way to cover the multimedia industry than with a multimedia magazine? This quarterly CD-ROM publication features an interactive roundtable that lets you pick a speaker and topic to hear, for example, Jonathan Seybold's views on business alliances.

AIDS epidemic or the life of Martin Luther King Jr. by roaming through film and video clips culled from ABC's extensive library of news footage. In some cases, these clips are supplemented by printed matter, so that someone interested in King's "I have a dream" speech can not only see a film of the speech and read its text but can also call up background information on everything from the Voting Rights Act of 1965 to relevant Bible passages.

But good interactive multimedia can be fiendishly expensive to produce. Development costs for a typical title start at a quarter-million dollars. IBM this week will

Using Cancer to Fight Cancer

A high-profile researcher plans to inject patients with their own genetically altered tumor cells

unveil the most ambitious—and expensive—multimedia project ever attempted: an elaborate exploration of Columbus' world created by former Hollywood filmmaker Robert Abel that took more than a year and some \$5 million to produce. Packed with 180 hours worth of slickly polished text, art, music and video sequences (among them an interview with one of the explorer's living descendants), the program, which will sell for about \$3,000, takes pains to represent a wide variety of viewpoints, including those of blacks and Native Americans.

Multimedia programs like this are likely to be enthusiastically received in America's schools, which for all their complaints about financial problems seem to have plenty of cash to spend on new educational technologies. The state of Florida has contracted with ABC News and National Geographic to develop multimedia programs on subjects ranging from the environment to the cold war. This fall more than 500,000 Texas schoolchildren began using a video-disc series, Optical Data Corp.'s *Windows on Science*, in lieu of a standard textbook, as their first formal introduction to science. William Clark, president of Optical Data, argues that the multimedia approach may be necessary to reach children raised on *Sesame Street* and MTV. Says he: "We have to teach a literacy appropriate to the times we live in."

Some critics are not so sure. While conceding that interactive multimedia may prove useful in helping students visualize abstract concepts in physics or math, many fear that the tools of multimedia will turn the traditional educational experience into something more akin to television. Author Steven Levy, writing in *Macworld* magazine, insists that the ability to express oneself in words and to understand the words of others is essential to the process of thinking. "But multimedia laughs at that objection," he writes, "because multimedia, like television, is designed to entertain, at the cost of thinking."

In the end, interactive multimedia will succeed, at least at some level, because for certain purposes it makes good sense. In the business world, it is already being embraced as a tool to train workers in such complex skills as aircraft maintenance and computer repair. But multimedia still lacks what computer companies call the "killer application," a program like the electronic spreadsheet or the word processor that is so compelling that consumers will buy a new device just to run it. As Marshall McLuhan pointed out, every new medium takes its content from its predecessor: early films were simply recorded stage plays; the first TV shows were converted radio dramas. The same is probably true of this newest medium, which represents the merger of all its predecessors. At the moment, interactive multimedia is a powerful tool whose best uses remain on the horizon.

For people facing terminal cancer, word of a possible new treatment is a beacon of hope. Few scientists have scattered more rays than Dr. Steven Rosenberg, who has conducted a series of tantalizing though as yet inconclusive experiments at the National Cancer Institute. Rosenberg, a surgeon by training, has repeatedly tried to find new ways to rally the immune systems of cancer patients to combat their own disease. Last week he revealed his most radical effort to date: vaccinating injected patients with their own genetically altered tumor cells in what Rosenberg calls an attempt "to immunize the patient against his own cancer."

Widely covered by the press, the procedure prompted dozens of phone calls to the NCI from patients desperately seeking a cure. Rosenberg stresses, however, that his work is highly experimental. The treatment puts a new twist on classic vaccine strategy. "When you think of a vaccine, it's usually to prevent a disease," he explains. "Here we're actually treating an advanced cancer."

The first two patients—a 46-year-old man and a 30-year-old woman—both have terminal-stage melanoma, a form of skin cancer. A few months ago, doctors extracted tumor cells from the patients and inserted into the cells the gene that promotes the production of an antitumor hormone called tumor necrosis factor (TNF). The genetically altered cells were grown in a lab and then injected last week into the thigh of each patient. The hope is that the TNF-primed cells will boost the body's immune system into more vigorous attack against the malignancy.

In a second stage of the treatment, two weeks from now, doctors plan to remove white blood cells from the injection sites and nearby lymph nodes, grow them in a lab and transfuse them into the patients. Studies suggest that such cells will have developed a strong antitumor activity.

Rosenberg and his team have permission from the National Institutes of Health and the Food and Drug Administration to treat 15 people with TNF-gene-altered cells, including patients with advanced kidney or colon cancer. Another 15 individuals with the same diseases may receive injections of tumor cells that have been genetically altered

to produce interleukin-2—a protein that stimulates tumor-fighting lymphocytes—instead of TNF. All the patients have failed to respond to standard therapy.

As promising as the approach sounds, some researchers are disturbed by Rosenberg's announcement. They argue that a human trial is premature, given the limited results of this treatment in animals. While Rosenberg's method has been shown to prevent the formation of new tumors in healthy mice, there is no published evidence that it can counteract existing cancers. Rosenberg, however, maintains that he has ongoing animal experiments to support his work and that he submitted extensive unpublished research data before ob-



Rosenberg: putting a new twist on vaccines

taining permission to proceed: "This was reviewed for eight months by about 50 scientists on at least five committees at the NIH and FDA."

Rosenberg has also been criticized for inflating patients' hopes by publicizing his experiment before there are any results to report. "It's a very high-profile research activity that Steve Rosenberg is running," Dr. Philip Leder of Harvard University School of Medicine told the *New York Times*. "He didn't come to you after the experiment was successful. He came at the beginning, because it might be quite uninteresting when it's all finished." Given all the attention and elevated hopes, Rosenberg should reveal his results—even if they are uninteresting—with the same alacrity he shows in announcing the start of an experiment.

—By Anastasia Toufexis

When Your Doctor Has AIDS

Bucking an emotional national crusade, New York decides not to force physicians to tell their patients

Surely there are only a handful of people in the U.S. who have not heard about or witnessed on television the suffering of Kimberly Bergalis—the 23-year-old Floridian who contracted AIDS from her dentist. Her anguished letters and poignant testimony before Congress have sparked a nationwide campaign, endorsed by the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), to test health-care workers for HIV and inform their patients if they are infected.

But last week the New York State health department decided to put Bergalis' plight into perspective. She is but one of 1 million HIV-infected Americans and one of only five ever to have been infected by a health-care worker—all five by the same dentist. These facts, state health officials concluded, did not merit what they saw as a witch hunt to track down and expose every health-care worker who carries the deadly virus.

Rejecting the emotionalism surrounding the Bergalis case as well as the Federal Government's response to her highly unusual predicament, New York proposed its own set of guidelines governing the lives of infected doctors and their patients. By charting an independent course, the state, which leads the nation in AIDS cases, could lose tens of millions of dollars in federal health-care funds if authorities in the national government determine that New York's rules depart too radically from its own.

In most respects, the state's proposed policy matches that set forth last summer by the CDC. Both urge health-care workers to undergo voluntary HIV tests. Both recommend setting up expert panels to determine, on a case-by-case basis, whether infected health-care workers should continue practicing medicine and what procedures they may safely perform. Where the feds and state part company is over the issue of informing patients about their doctor's health status. Under CDC guidelines, an infected health professional may continue to perform invasive procedures, such as cardiac or abdominal surgery, if he or she informs patients; New York makes no such demand.

Why? Because state health officials are convinced the CDC's requirement will backfire. The state has discovered that hospitals, worried about their liability under the CDC guidelines, have begun to force the resignations of HIV-infected workers, regardless of



Infected by a patient, Dr. Aoun objects to the witch hunt

whether or not they perform invasive procedures. With their livelihoods thus threatened, argues the state, infected doctors have a big incentive to hide their condition from hospital colleagues as well as patients. That, say state officials, will be far more dangerous than protecting the doctors' privacy while formally advising them to refrain from invasive procedures.

Furthermore, state health officials argue, the best way to minimize the remote chance of patients getting HIV from a medical worker is to make sure that strict infection controls are followed. New York is now requiring all health professionals who perform invasive procedures to undergo mandatory training in the latest sterile techniques. Such measures not only protect patients from an infected doctor, they also protect patients from one another by ensuring that instruments are thoroughly decontaminated between uses. Infection control also protects the doctor. In New York City, where 1 in 50 people carries the AIDS virus, and in most other places, doctors have far more to fear from their patients than vice versa.

Dr. Hacıb Aoun of Baltimore is one of 40 U.S. health workers known to have become infected with AIDS on the job. Like many doctors, he deplores the CDC recommendations and prefers New York State's approach. "The CDC guidelines mean that hospitals will just get rid of their infected doctors no matter what," says Dr. Aoun. "I understand the Bergalis family's pain. I understand it better than anybody else. But their efforts have set AIDS education and treatment in this country back by many years."

—By Christine Gorman

Rushing DDI to Market

For four years, the list of approved drugs for AIDS patients began and ended with AZT. The drug, also called zidovudine, can extend a patient's life-span, but not everyone can tolerate its side effects, which may include nausea and severe anemia. Now, after billions of dollars of research and constant pressure from AIDS activists, the Food and Drug Administration has bypassed some of its usual requirements to approve another medication, didanosine, known as DDI.

Developed by Bristol-Myers Squibb, DDI resembles AZT in that it interferes with replication of the AIDS virus. Whether it will extend the life of patients remains unknown, but it has been shown to boost levels of disease-fighting T cells. Last week's approval, granted with unusual speed, will enable doctors to prescribe the drug to those who cannot tolerate AZT—about half of AIDS patients.

Though AIDS activists were delighted with the decision, there are several concerns. About 23,000 people have been receiving the pills for free, as a humane gesture. Now they are expected to pay \$2,000 a year for the treatment. Bristol-Myers says, however, that it will continue to offer free pills to those who cannot afford the drug or obtain insurance coverage. Another worry is side effects, including inflammation of the pancreas, numbness in the hands and feet, and diarrhea. Most important, DDI has yet to pass the rigorous testing usually required by the FDA. "We are giving DDI a status it has not earned, and we are lowering the scientific standards for drug approval," complains Dr. Deborah Cotton of Harvard, who reviewed the DDI approval application. FDA chief David Kessler justifies the decision by saying that "people are dying." Whether DDI can forestall their deaths will be clearer within six months, when the results of clinical trials are in.

Air bags, Hugo Mellander believes, are giving people a false sense of security.

Mellander is head safety engineer for Volvo in Sweden.

"I don't think people realize an air bag is designed to work in conjunction with a seat belt and only in frontal impacts," says Mellander. "Furthermore, frontal impacts account for only 36% of all accidents."

How will a car react the other 64% of the time? In side impacts (20% of all accidents)? In rear end collisions (7%)? Rollovers (12%)? Multiple impacts (17%)?

"These are the questions people should be asking," says Mellander.

These are the questions the engineers of Volvo have been answering for over 60 years.

Volvo engineers pioneered crumple zones to absorb crash energy.

The 3 point self adjusting seat belt was invented by Nils Bohlin, a Volvo engineer.

Volvo began putting a steel reinforced passenger cage into all their cars not last year, or five years ago, but three decades ago.

"The increased focus on safety by the car industry and the public pleases us," says Mellander.

"Now that people have their eyes open to the importance of safety," he adds, "they should understand the differences between how car companies approach safety."

These differences have never been more evident than in the new 960.

A car that is years ahead of meeting government standards for side impact protection.

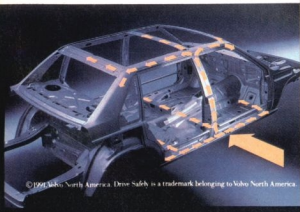
The first Volvo to have a 6-cylinder, 24-valve engine coupled with a sophisticated drivetrain adaptable to driving conditions.

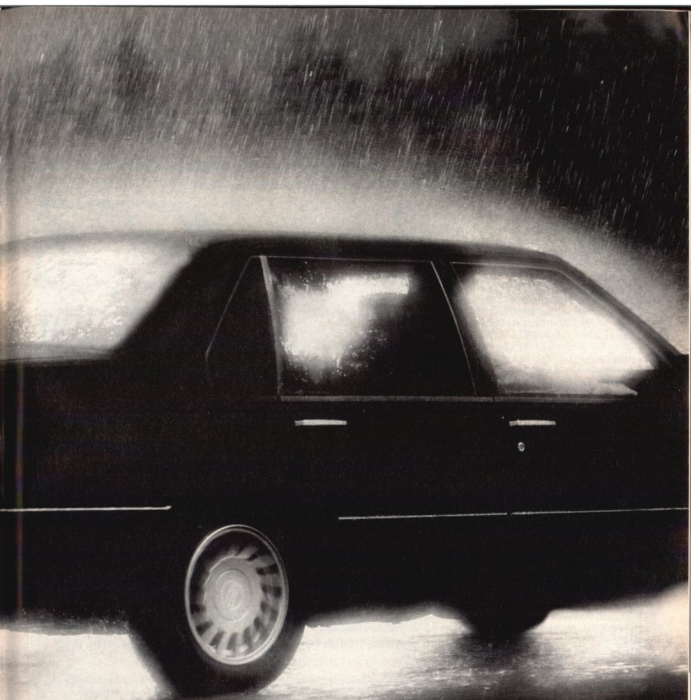
A car that Mellander believes is the epitome of everything Volvo has ever learned about building automobiles.

"It is the ultimate proof that safety is not something you can just add on to a car, but rather has to be engineered in from the very beginning."

Drive safely.

VOLVO





**AN AIR BAG IS ONLY AS GOOD
AS THE CAR IT'S ATTACHED TO.**

Going Abroad to Find a Baby

The laws of supply and demand have led to a boom in overseas adoption, but the quest can be lengthy, expensive and sometimes morally troubling

By MICHAEL S. SERRILL

For most of their 17-year marriage, Ann and Fred Redman of Magnolia, Texas, struggled in vain to have children. "We tried everything from fertility treatments to laser surgery," recalls Ann. "Nothing worked." The avenue of adoption seemed blocked: Fred, 53, was considered too old for fatherhood by U.S. adoption agencies. Then the Redmans discovered Los Niños International Adoption Center, a Houston-based, nonprofit organization that helps Americans adopt youngsters in Latin America. Within months the Redmans arrived in La Paz, Bolivia, where they were introduced to baby twin sisters and their Indian mother, who was offering the infants for adoption because she was too poor to take good care of them. A few days before Thanksgiving last year, the joyous parents flew home with their new seven-month-old daughters, Jenny and Judy.

Every day, an average of 20 American couples adopt babies from overseas. Most of them come from Third World nations where orphanages are overflowing, abandoned children sleep in the streets, and poor parents see foreign adoption as one of the few ways to give their children a decent life. In the U.S., the number of foreign-born adoptees has ranged from 7,000 to 10,000 each year since 1983. About 13,000 foreign-born children are adopted annually in Western Europe, Canada and elsewhere.

But, along with joy and hope, the surge of overseas parenting has created a backlash. Side by side with legitimate avenues of adoption, gray and black markets have sprung up where Third World brokers obtain children for foreign clients under questionable circumstances. From Manila to San Salvador, Bucharest to Brasilia, baby-sale scandals have caused Third World countries to tighten procedures and, in some cases, halt foreign adoption. Other countries are curbing foreign adoptions to protect their image. Prosperous South Korea, which has sent nearly 120,000 abandoned children overseas since the Korean War, now considers foreign adoption applications only for the handicapped and children of mixed race.

Yet for every country that limits entry to questing couples, new ones seem to open up. China, where many Canadian



In the hope of giving her baby a better life, a Peruvian mother gives up her child

Just 16 and unmarried, Isabel, mother of little Flavia, decided she could not care for the baby. Like many other young mothers in Lima, she set about arranging her child's adoption by a foreign couple. The adoptive mother is Shelbee Rivard of Illinois, who renamed the baby Gabrielle. Before leaving her baby behind, Isabel pressed a bracelet into Rivard's hand. On one side it read "Flavia" and on the other "In remembrance of your mama." About 1,500 babies were adopted by foreigners in Peru in 1990.

couples have successfully adopted, may be a good prospect. Bureaucratic hurdles are harder to jump in Colombia and Peru, but Bolivia and Ecuador seem to be opening up. Postrevolutionary Romania stopped all foreign adoption in July after some money-crazed citizens began offering their children to the highest bidder; Bucharest will allow only registered orphans to leave starting in January at the earliest. There

are children available in Poland and the Soviet Union, though Moscow for the moment allows only "special needs" children—those who are older or handicapped—to go abroad.

The worldwide search for adoptable children is driven by classic causes: faltering domestic supply and rising demand. The number of babies available for adoption in the U.S. and other industrialized

countries has declined as birthrates have shrunk and legal abortion has expanded. In addition, the taboo against unmarried motherhood—that mainstay of Victorian novels—has virtually disappeared, removing another source of homeless infants. In the U.S., 65% of the white babies born to single mothers were given up for adoption in 1966, but 20 years later that figure was down to 5%. National statistics are not kept, but some experts place the number of healthy white newborns available for adoption each year at 25,000. Black babies are still available, though opposition by black political and social-work organizations has made it difficult to place the babies with white families.

The same tide of aging baby boomers that has generated a wave of post-30 pregnancies has also produced a larger-than-usual cohort that delayed the decision too long: an unprecedented number of infertile couples are in the adoption marketplace. There are an average of four eager U.S. couples for each of the 50,000 domestic-born children placed in new homes each year; some adoption advocates put the ratio as high as 20 to 1. U.S. couples on an adoption-agency waiting list can wait as long as five years for a white newborn.

One result is the formation of highly organized international adoption organizations such as Los Niños, founded in 1981; at least 900 parents have used its services. Aspiring adoptive parents can also tap into a rivulet of newsletters, mimeographed sheets and phone networks, in which successful adopters provide tips on procedures in different countries and spotlight places where babies can be obtained with the least bureaucratic hassle and expense.

Guidance is invaluable, since an overseas adoption can take weeks or years to arrange, depending on the country and the circumstances. A year seems about average. Would-be parents must often pass muster with a welter of adoption and government agencies both at home and abroad. Once approved, they wait again for the fateful phone call telling them an appropriate child has been found. Meantime, they scramble to assemble birth and marriage certificates, medical and financial statements, personal references, and the crucial "home study," done by a social worker and attesting that the aspiring parents are fit for the task. Finally, they may have to travel to the donor country—and stay anywhere from two weeks to six months, facing more interviews and court hearings before they can bring their child home.

The cost of all this—including agency,

lawyer, court and home-study fees; transportation and hotel; medical, orphanage and foster-care expenses for the child; translation of documents and government stamps and approvals—can range from \$5,000 to \$20,000 or more.

The first decision an adopting couple must make is which country. Many factors are involved, including the bureaucratic barriers that will stand in their way. But Stork, a British organization founded by adoptive parents with foreign-born chil-

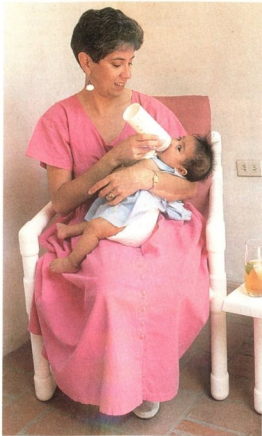
acknowledge that the rush of bidders in Romania last year was largely explained by the fact that the children were Caucasian. Some aspiring parents, seeking to adopt in Latin America, prefer to go to Chile rather than, say, Peru or Colombia, because they consider Chilean children more likely to be light skinned and Caucasian-looking.

No amount of planning and forethought can prevent the occasional nightmare. Last June, Greg Davis, 34, an Elk River, Minn., florist, arrived in New Delhi to adopt a baby girl. He expected to end his 2½-year quest for a child in a week's time. But a small Indian newspaper suddenly published a report declaring that Davis' prospective daughter was being purchased for organ donations abroad. The charge was outrageous, but local lawyers filed suit to prevent Davis from taking custody of the child. After spending two months and \$4,500 in legal battles, Davis returned to Minnesota empty-handed. Said he: "All I wanted was a second child, and I am being treated like a criminal." Davis' lawyers are still fighting his case.

What Davis faced was crude xenophobia. Some activists in the U.S. and Europe, however, have raised a more sensitive moral issue. Why should millions of dollars be spent each year in the search for adoptive children, they ask, when the same money could be dispensed as foreign aid to help keep Third World children at home? "We're exploiting poor countries' resources the same as we have exploited other resources," argues Chris Hammond, director of a British association of government and nonprofit adoption agencies. "In most developing countries a pair of hands is a significant resource. Removing them handicaps the country."

Cheri Register, the mother of two adopted Korean daughters, shares some of these qualms. "Wealth does not entitle us to the children of the poor," she writes in her book *Are Those Kids Yours?* "International adoption is an undeserved benefit that has fallen to North Americans, West Europeans and Australians, largely because of the inequitable socioeconomic circumstances in which we live. In the long run, we ought to be changing those circumstances."

The new opposition to cross-border adoption will soon gain official support. At the Hague Conference on Private International Law, officials are writing a new convention on cross-border adoption, scheduled to be signed in 1993 by more than 50 nations, including the U.S. The draft version would require that every effort be made to place a child locally before he or



An Ohio woman finds mother love in Honduras

After five years of trying to have children of her own, Sue Cagle of Cincinnati learned that babies were available for adoption in Honduras. Little Marissa was 5½ weeks old when Cagle and her husband first saw her, six months old when they took her home. They plan to help Marissa learn about her Latin American heritage.

dren, recommends that applicants choose a land for which they can develop some affection, since it will figure prominently in their lives as their child grows older.

Though few adopting parents would admit it, race can be another important factor. Most couples who decide to seek an infant overseas have concluded it isn't important—or possible—to find a child who looks just like themselves, but most experts

Society

FORREST ANDERSON FOR TIME



Abandoned in China, Angelina takes the fast track to the U.S.

China-based photographer Forrest Anderson and his wife Donna picked ailing Angelina from among 30 babies at a Beijing orphanage, adopted her and nursed her back to health. She was naturalized as a U.S. citizen in September, going through the process in days in Hawaii rather than the usual months. Angelina is the third Chinese child the Andersons have adopted.

she is offered to a foreign family. It would also forbid the payment of any compensation to a parent who gives up a child, and calls on signatories to prevent "the abduction, the sale of, or traffic in children."

The parents of children adopted abroad, and the groups that represent them, point out that much of the nay-saying sentiment is little more than pious hypocrisy. However much Third World governments may decry

the surge in Western adoptions, millions of children around the world are abandoned and homeless—about 7 million in Brazil alone. Only a tiny percentage of these children find homes locally, and in some cases they are doomed to eternal stigma. In Korea, for example, a Confucian value system places such a premium on male gender and blood ties that the adoption of a baby girl, or an unrelated male, is virtually unthinkable.

mental bond at work: love. "We don't give a child to a family; we give a family to a child," says Mercedes Rosario de Martinez, founder of Colombia's Foundation for the Adoption of Abandoned Children. "This is not a business; it's total devotion to the children. Because of that, the world is a better place." —*Reported by Anne Constable/London, Ricardo Chavira/Washington, with other bureaus*

Psst! Babies for Sale!

Five years ago, police in the resort town of Wadduwa, Sri Lanka, raided a seaside hotel owned by a German and his Sri Lankan wife. The building was occupied not by tourists but by 20 young Sri Lankan women and their 22 infants, some just a few weeks old. The hotel was a "baby farm," where foreigners looking for children to adopt could come to browse, and for a fee of \$1,000 to \$5,000, have their pick of the babies. The mothers, all desperately poor, would get about \$50 in exchange for each of their children.

The Wadduwa baby farm was shut down, but the international traffic in children for adoption remains a big business. Every year, unscrupulous baby brokers in Asia, Latin America and now Eastern Europe hand over hundreds of children to North American and West European parents willing to pay large sums for a healthy child—and ignore evidence that the infant was obtained illegally. In Peru, the traffic is so open that some mothers have been known to stop foreigners in the street and ask if they are interested in adopting a baby.

Last April, CBS's *60 Minutes* secretly filmed baby brokers in Romania negotiating with parents for the sale of their children to Americans. "The word got out here in the States that kids could be easily had in Romania, as long as you brought enough money," says a senior U.S. immigration official. For David McCall, the adoption of his Romanian-born son, two-year-old



The Hernandez family with a photo of Severino

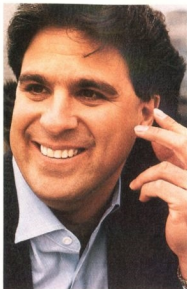
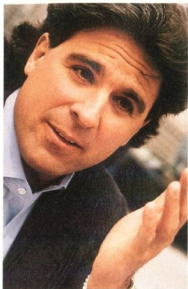
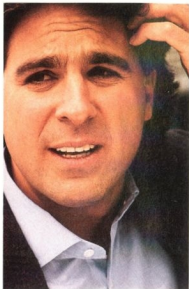
Adrian, felt uncomfortably like baby buying. "When we started out trying to adopt, it was going to cost \$2,500," says the Houston teacher. "In the end we paid \$5,000, and I can't really tell you where all the money went. Someone is getting paid."

Sometimes the question of parental consent is especially murky. Severino Hernandez of Guatemala was five years old in 1989 when he was adopted by Paul David Kutz of Rockwell City, Iowa. Severino's grandparents, with whom he had lived since birth, say they

never gave permission for the change of family, and they are suing in Guatemala to have the adoption nullified and the boy returned. According to the Hernandezes' lawsuit, the youngster was secretly given up for adoption by his mother, who never had formal custody. Contacted by TIME, Kutz insisted the adoption was "100% honest" but refused to add any details.

To stop the baby traffic, Romania forbade all adoptions by foreigners until it formulates new procedures; it is not expected to begin again soon. Few Third World countries are likely to follow suit. Ending foreign adoptions would not necessarily stop the buying and stealing of babies. It would merely, as one Sri Lankan lawyer points out, dump thousands more orphans and abandoned children into the care of the state—a burden that neither Sri Lanka nor most other poor countries are equipped to bear.

Marc Dubin—Baltimore, Maryland

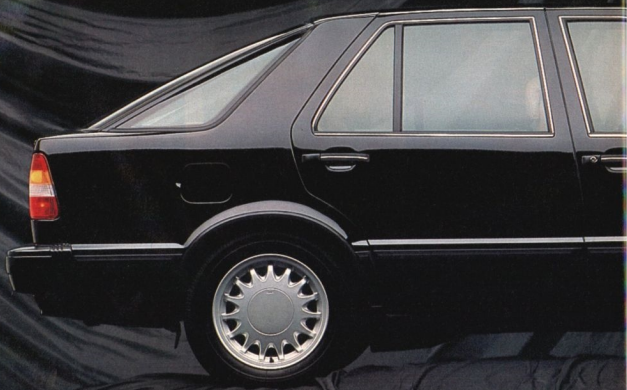


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What if the people who *built* cars were the same people who *bought* them?

What if carmakers had to drive, and live with, the cars they made?

For one thing, cars would be safer. They'd have steel safety cages surrounded by collision-absorbing crumple zones, front and rear. They'd have driver's-side air bags and anti-lock braking systems. Yet even then they'd be hard-pressed to equal the safety record of Saab, which has repeatedly been

ranked among the best in its class.

Besides protecting people better, cars would protect themselves better. Warranties would be longer, such as the 6-year/80,000-mile warranty all Saabs offer now.** And cars would require less scheduled maintenance, less often, as all Saabs do now.

Cars would also be less boring. Engines would be spirited, suspensions surefooted, and steering systems would allow you to communicate with, rather than insulate you from,

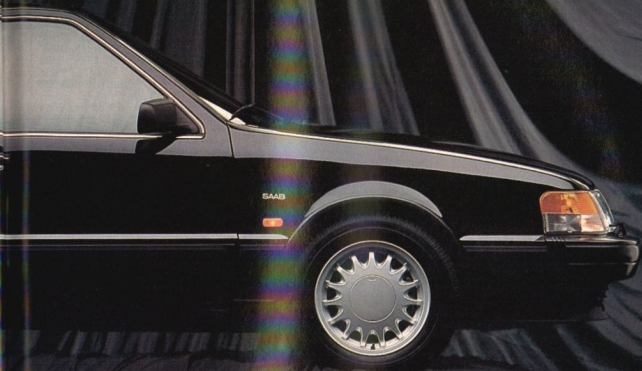
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But cars would also be more flexible. A performance car would also perform at malls, in car pools, or wherever work needs to be done—like the Saab 9000S. Fold down its split rear seats, and it will carry home a six-foot sofa. Fill it with a family, and it will chauffeur them around in an interior larger than any other imported sedan.

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In short, in this highly improbable scenario,

all cars would be complete cars, compromising no one virtue for the sake of another.

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Press

Talk About Dishing Up Dirt!

From the folks who bring you the controversial *Sassy*, a
new magazine for the 14-to-20 male set

In their own way, male and female teens are alike. They dress uniformly in jeans and T shirts, speak the same hip argot and sport identical hairstyles. Both sexes can drive parents crazy. But while teen girls have stacks of glossy magazines devoted to their interests, boys have made do with car mags, sports publications and back-packing monthlies. Now the unconscionable neglect of the social male teen has ended. Dale Lang, owner of *Sassy*, the irreverent and successful magazine for female teenagers, has driven across the gen-

reader told Lang and the magazine's staff, "is that when I read it, it's like talking to my best friend on the telephone." *Dirt* will speak to teen boys the same way, says Lang, but in a male voice. That will mean a cool collection of fiction, short takes about school, sports, art and—yes—articles about girls. Sample headline: HEY, BABY, WHAT'S YOUR SIGN? AN IDIOT'S GUIDE TO FIRST DATES. Another refreshing notion: *Sassy* treats male teens as people—not jerks or hunks—and that respect for the opposite sex will cross over to *Dirt*.

To dish up *Dirt*, Lang and its publisher, Bobbie Halfin, rounded up an all-male staff on the West Coast. The editor in chief is Mark Lewman, 24, a.k.a. Lew. He and *Dirt*'s art director, Andy Jenkins, 27, and photo editor, Spike Jonze, 21, got to know one another while working at *Freestyl'n*, a Los Angeles-based bicycling magazine. Their own publication, *Homeboy*, which Lewman calls "a skateboard magazine with everything from dance techniques to recipes," folded after six issues, but the three—some had honed their skills. As for other qualifications, *Dirt*'s introductory editorial points out that all three are, former teenagers.

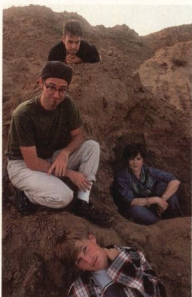
Dirt will have a limited newsstand test in late October, and the premier issue will be available next spring. The current *Dirt* is crammed with dark graphics and dense type. Articles range from a 23-year-old convict's account of life in an urban gang to Lewman's good-grooming checklist. Shampoos, he notes, are recommended "before school pictures and whenever your hair looks stupid."

A few years ago, a piggyback ride from saucy *Sassy* might have been bumpy. At its 1988 start-up, the magazine's frank material—the pros and cons of virginity, for example—drew the fire of the Moral Majority, and advertisers turned shy. They returned after the magazine softened its controversial profile.

Under Lang's direction—he bought the magazine in 1989—*Sassy* continues to attract hip readers by running smart feature articles on teenage females in the business end of the pop-music industry or the reasons why popular people can be as insecure as anybody else. *Dirt*, however, appears unlikely to go through the same tempestuous adolescence. So far, it seems more like a brash little brother who could be a teen forever.

—By Emily Mitchell.

With reporting by Kathleen Brady



Down and earthy: Halfin with all-guy staff

der gap with *Dirt*, a magazine for "L.A. hip-hoppers, guys from the New York club scene or boys in Alabama who are into heavy metal," in the words of one editor.

Getting *Dirt* into the right hands—the target age is 14 to 20—was a matter of finding out where the boys are. The first issue has been given savvy packaging as a separate 23-page supplement to the September copy of *Sassy* (total paid circ. 631,000), and to make certain that female readers get the message, its editorial page urges them to "please give the enclosed *Dirt* to a guy." In fact, more than 100,000 male teens were already reading *Sassy*, whose lunchroom lingo—"icky" is an acceptable adjective—and chatty tone have made it a solid hit.

"What makes *Sassy* special," a teen

Living

Ask a Satellite For Directions

Hand-held gadgets that receive signals from space make it harder to get lost

No well-prepared Boy Scout troop would wander into the wilderness without a compass. But Scouts may soon have a more sophisticated way to keep from getting lost, using a technology that the Army made famous during Operation Desert Storm. To find their bearings in the desert landscape, soldiers relied on hand-held electronic gadgets called Global Positioning System receivers. The devices, which pick up signals from a \$10 billion network of U.S. satellites, can pinpoint a location instantly anywhere on the earth.

Civilians can buy similar products from electronics companies. GPS receivers steer boaters around dangerous reefs, track schools of bait for fishermen and help pilots avoid midair collisions. The price of a receiver—\$1,500 to \$3,800—is steep for Scout troops but falling rapidly.

The concept of the Global Positioning System is simple. With the help of an on-board atomic clock, each satellite in the network continuously broadcasts a signal indicating the time and the spacecraft's exact position. (A total of 16 satellites are now aloft; there will be 24, including three spares, when the system is completed in 1993.) A GPS receiver uses simultaneous readings from three different satellites to "fix" the user's longitude and latitude.

Relying on satellites rather than ground stations makes the system far more precise than conventional navigation technology. The Loran systems commonly found on boats and airplanes, for example, are accurate only to within 100 m (330 ft.), compared with 15 m (49 ft.) for GPS.

California's department of transportation is testing a GPS dispatching system on a tow-truck fleet in the San Francisco Bay area. University of Wyoming scientists plan to use GPS technology in a tracking collar for studying the migration patterns of elk. And by combining GPS with computerized maps, engineers are developing electronic road atlases that, installed in car dashboards, could one day enable a visiting motorist to negotiate Los Angeles' freeways without ever making a wrong turn. ■



Memories of when the man always led

Theater

Daydreaming

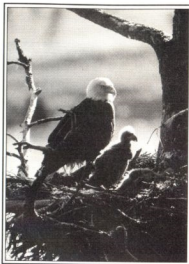
THE SNOW BALL
by A.R. Gurney

On the surface, this new "comedy with dancing" depicts the Sisyphean efforts of a handful of fiftyish, faded Wasps to revive the most glittering institution of their youth, a midwinter charity ball. A few of the daydreamers become fixated on reuniting the best dancers among them, a onetime romantic couple who were always outsiders in this prim upper-middle-class world: a girl who was much richer than the rest and a handsome "Irishman on the make" who was much poorer, Roman Catholic, and a blunt social climber. These two roles are double-cast to make the many flashbacks more vivid and to allow for an evocative reunion number, choreographed by Graciela Daniele, in which the two elders dance simultaneously in the present, in the past and, reaching across time, with their own younger selves.

Despite Jack O'Brien's adroit staging, the production at Boston's Huntington theater suffers from the uneven acting and imperfect casting that can give regional theater a bad name. But as always with Gurney, there is deep ambition beneath the whimsy and nostalgia. His real subject is middle-aged males' yearning for the lost premise that underlay social dancing: the assumption that the man would lead. The central character—a drab real estate agent organizing the Snow Ball—looks up at three memorable debutantes of his youth, again installed in the Snow Queen's sleigh. He labels them goddess, wife and mistress and ardently wishes he could have them all forever. In fact, none "belongs" to him. Men of Gurney's generation have lived in a radically evolving world, and many, he says, are still struggling to make peace with the changes.

—By William A. Henry III

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Books

Walking Old Tom's Grand Grid

In faded towns of central Kansas, ghosts and live inhabitants sleep squared to the world, neatly, like accountant's figures

By JOHN SKOW

Chase County, Kans., writes William Trogdon, "is the most easterly piece of the American Far West." Meaning what? And who, for that matter, is Trogdon, whose name does not appear on the title page of his extraordinary and wholly original new book, *PrairieEarth* (a deep map)? What's prairierth?

Least Heat-Moon, which comes from the Osage Indian part of his heritage. His father was Heat-Moon, meaning July, the hot month; his older brother Little Heat-Moon; and he himself Last and Least. To avoid explaining all of this repeatedly on his reporting meanders, he goes for everyday purposes by Trogdon, his birth name from Irish and English ancestors.

Blue Highways was a delight, and so, in a

reports it was Thomas Jefferson who directed that all of the nation except the already mapped East be ruled into grids, never mind natural or political borders. "Chase County sleeps north-south or east-west," he digresses (if that is possible in a project that depends on serendipity), "the square rooms squared with the world, the decumbent folk like an accountant's figures neatly between ruled lines, their slumber neatly compartmentalized in Tom's grand grid."

In four years of moseying, he got the feel of the county. "Emptiness" turned out to be only apparent, and "near nothingness" jostling and crowded. Though more with ghosts, often enough, than live inhabitants; the present population of Chase, 3,013, is about what it was in 1873.

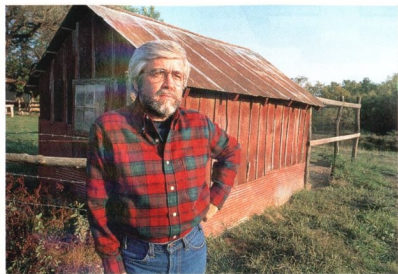
Trying to look as if he were not eavesdropping, he wrote down practical insults by old combatants at Darla's bar, in a town called Bazaar. She: "You're so dumb, if you fell in a barrel of tits you'd come up sucking your thumb." He: "You're so ugly we're all hoping that wind don't blow off your clothes." In the same town, he finds the spare, waste-no-words diary of 18-year-old Elizabeth Ann Mardin, a bride newly arrived in Kansas. For June 21, 1862: "I went a goosebarrying in the fore noon and I went to see the soldiers drill in the after noon it was a pleasant day." For Dec. 12, of the same year: "We cleaned some of the [hog] guts for soap grease it sprinkled rain."

He sifts the rowdy history of "bleeding Kansas" just before the Civil War. He notes 140 ways to spell the state's name, among them Ka, Kaal, Ka-Anjou and Kaw; the last being the present spelling of the name of the Native American tribe, now nearly extinct, that lived here before the coming of whites. Somewhat uneasily, he watches an all-woman ranch team castrating bull calves. He talks to old inhabitants who tell of monstrous floods and of hiding in "fraidy holes"—storm cellars—to wait out tornadoes.

In an old house he finds a mirror "with the silver mostly gone, as if all its reflections had worn it through." He hikes to the spot near Bazaar where, in 1931, the Notre Dame football coach Knute Rockne and seven other men died in a plane crash, after which local people carried pieces off for keepsakes. A woman tells him about running a health-food restaurant in a little burg called Cottonwood Falls: "We never did get the farmers to eat alfalfa sprouts. They know silage when they see it."

Was he ever bored? Hmm. He tells of staking out the main and only street of Cedar Point, a hamlet's least piglet of a town. The idea is to watch all visible action, dawn to dusk, from the back of his van. But nothing happens. He puts aside as too metaphysical the lame notion that he himself constitutes Cedar Point's action for the day. It rains. That's it.

Except that a journalist who reads



"... and now the land... is a world of air, space, apparent emptiness, near nothingness" where wind blows steadily "as if out of the lungs of the universe."

One question at a time. *PrairieEarth* is an old geological term for prairie soil. The westerly thinning-out of forest and the first broad stretches of prairie grass are what make Chase County a magical place for the author. Eastern travelers feel edgy here, Trogdon notices, and so do some natives: "The protection and sureties of the vertical woodland, walled like a home and enclosed like a refuge, are gone, and now the land... is a world of air, space, apparent emptiness, near nothingness," where wind blows steadily "as if out of the lungs of the universe."

Lungs indeed, the winder reader reflects. But this very good writer can blow softly too, and listen well, and march simple sentences usefully across a flat place. This is not new information to those who read his 1983 best seller, *Blue Highways*, a marvelously quirky account of a 13,000-mile side-roads motor ramble around the U.S. He is better known by his pen name, William

darker and deeper way, is *PrairieEarth* (Houghton Mifflin; 624 pages; \$24.95). In kind and quality, it somewhat resembles Barry Lopez's *Arctic Dreams*, and it will not look out of place on the same shelf of great Americana as his betters, Mark Twain's *Roughing It* and *Life on the Mississippi*. The author's visceral decision to explore one American locality was an intuitive leap from the restlessness of *Blue Highways*. And it was a leap toward the nation's center. He had seen Chase County's Flint Hills and the bits of remaining tallgrass prairie as a boy. He was attracted in part because the historical past was very recent (white settlement began in 1856) and because the present is isolated from shopping-mall modernity, so that both are faded like old jeans.

His plan was beaverish: to walk, sniff, conn and brood every one of the county's 12 central grids, 744 sq. mi. on the U.S. Geological Survey maps. With much satisfaction, he

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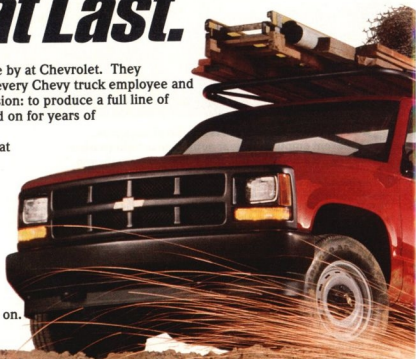
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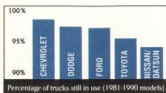
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Books

PrairieEarth asks whether the van in Cedar Point could be the same noble '75 Ford Econoline, named Ghost Dancing, that rattled for 13,000 miles in *Blue Highways*. "Of course," said the author last week, sounding pleased. "Got a dead battery now, but otherwise just fine." Plenty of nostalgic action here. And a hope that with a fresh battery, Ghost Dancing will have still another fine, quirky book in him. ■

If You Had A Hammer

THE WALLS AROUND US
by David Owen
Villard; 308 pages; \$21

The city man who moves to the country lugs along a cargo of rustic dreams, all calamitous. As writer David Owen, an escaped New Yorker now living in the white clapboard town of Washington, Conn., says in the first sentence of this terrifying confessional memoir, "I love buying expensive power tools and using them to wreck various parts of my house."

Just so. Do-it-yourselfers, it is now recognized, are not morally stunted; they are merely ill. Our hands tremble as we pass a display of belt sanders in a hardware store. If this sounds exaggerated, consider Owen's passionate discussion of "The Joy of Joint Compound." He writes that "once, when I was resurfacing the ceiling of my daughter's bedroom, I stepped down from the stool on which I had been standing and into an open bucket of joint compound. The smooth white material felt cool and luxurious against my foot, which, as luck would have it, was bare." Mental-health professionals and spouses of Skilsaw fondlers will recognize that luck had nothing to do with it.

Kinky or not, Owen is clearheaded about house behavior. "When a new family moves into a house," he says truthfully, "water begins to drip from the chandelier." The new householder either pays local artisans or ruins things himself. Owen doesn't exactly tell you how, but he gives you enough information (in the "Fear of Lumber" chapter) so that the guys in bib overalls at the lumberyard won't sneer. He is especially good on roof slopes and pitches and household electricity. Owen strums his mandolin in praise of electric miter saws ("Yeah, if you can afford one," says a young carpenter who leaped through this book) and electronic levels ("Nah," says my source).

The writing is brisk and funny where it is not tragic, though a bit heavy on "yikes" (as in, "For every human being on earth, there are 1,500 lbs. of termites. Yikes!"). It was Little Orphan Annie who said, "Yikes." Maybe Owen could alternate a few "arffs" in his next book, for Sandy.

—J.S.



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People

By ALEXANDER TRESNIOWSKI/Reported by Wendy Cole

Celebrity Wedding Dos and Don'ts

After last week's **ELIZABETH TAYLOR-LARRY FORTENSKY** wedding became the craziest media event since *Sean married Madonna*, there is no doubt that the lovely *Liz* is our leading authority on celebrity nuptials. Thus a careful analysis of the exciting event yields a handy list of dos and don'ts:

DO

- distribute earplugs. The roar from a fleet of helicopters can be so unpleasant.
- save any extra champagne. With 11 marriages between bride and groom, isn't it just common sense?
- ask a spiritual psychotherapist to perform the ceremony. Anybody can get a plain old priest.
- marry a construction worker. They're handier around the house than actors or politicians.

DON'T

- get married under a gazebo. It's a perfect target for parachuting party crashers.
- wear white. Yellow shows up better from 2,000 feet.
- forget to invite the former First Lady at whose drug clinic you met your future husband. This is standard wedding protocol.
- ask Michael Jackson to perform *Beat It*. The bride or groom could take him seriously.



Kid Stuff

Like many Hollywood directors, **Gregory Scott** is moody, bossy and often childish. He has an excuse, though: he's five years old. The Los Angeles kindergartner has been signed by MCA Universal Family Entertainment to a five-year, six-figure directing deal on the strength of five videos he made. Scott will first direct a kid's fashion video, then a TV pilot. "I like being the boss so I can tell people what to do," says Scott, who's already changed his name, fired an actress and hired a manager (his mom). Can ice cream at Spago be far behind?



Art or Rain Gear?

Count on **CHRISTO**, that eccentric Conceptual artist, to get people talking. His latest extravaganza, *The Umbrellas*, a six-year, \$26 million effort, literally opened last week when 1,340 20-ft.

blue umbrellas were unfurled along a 12-mile stretch in Japan, followed by 1,760 yellow umbrellas dotting 18 miles of hills in California. Ironically, rain in Japan delayed the opening, but in sunny California the umbrellas hit big with tourists and local merchants. Some area residents, though, complained about traffic and pollution. Said Christo: "The project mirrors the people about it."



Beverly Hills Book Binge

Lots of fab photos! Loads of sexy secrets! And many, many exclamation points! That's what you'll find in the nine new books, from five different publishers, coming out about *Beverly Hills, 90210*, the amazingly popular TV show that deals with peer pressure in a haughty high school. At the center of the publishing frenzy: **Jason Priestley**, left, and **Luke Perry**, those supercool, supersensitive pouty hunks who have teenage girls and grown-up accountants panting. "Girls want to kiss these two guys," explains Elizabeth Beier of Berkley Books, publisher of *Luke-Mania!* *Jason-Fever!* Or as Bantam's Stuart Applebaum puts it, "These books will not compete for the Pulitzer Prize, but I expect many young women will be doing book reports on them." Don't be the last one on your block to read about Luke's pet pig!

"The importance of the Getty is the quality of the place we are making. The relationship of landscape to architecture, of interior to exterior, of climate to the building, is something that will be quite wonderful."



A Grand New Getty

Architect Richard Meier's model for a sprawling art center shows there's lots of verve left in American modernism

By KURT ANDERSEN

American architecture has spent the past few years in the dumps, fretful and feckless. Aesthetically, there is neither invigorating ferment nor much consensus, and the collapse of both the housing and commercial real estate markets means that even big-name architects have precious little to do right now. So when Richard Meier's final designs for the J. Paul Getty Trust's vast art center, a \$360 million, six-building art-scholarship wonderland, were unveiled in Los Angeles last week, it wasn't just his envious peers who paid attention. Meier won the commission over 32 fellow architectural stars (including Charles Moore, Frank Gehry and Robert Venturi) back in 1984, and given the prominence of the project and the deep-pocket client, every year the architect spent tweaking his design only raised the stakes higher. "Architecture," said Meier on the eve of the debut of the most important work of his career, "takes a long time."

The Getty Center has been called the commission of the century, and for once that may not be hyperbole. The project includes a sprawling museum containing everything from an 18th century French corner cupboard made for the head of the Polish army to Van Gogh's *Irises*; a spacious, circular loft building, where art scholars can think and write, mingle and

argue; a separate building devoted to harnessing computers on behalf of art-historical truth; an auditorium; a restaurant; and a huge state-of-the-art facility for conservators. All this will be set amid gardens and fountains on a positively Olympian site—110 acres abutting the Brentwood neighborhood, on a hill just half a mile north of Sunset Boulevard—with panoramas to die for. "You can see downtown, you can see UCLA, Century City, Santa Monica and the ocean," says Meier, who has lived half the time in a house on the site since 1986.

The project's scale, ambition and high-mindedness—portentiousness even—are a throwback to a time when the cultural mission was clear, thinking was big, and budgets were gigantic. But then Meier, 57, is rather gloriously anachronistic—and high-minded and portentous—himself. While most of his peers have spent the past two decades feverishly inventing (or capitulating to) a sometimes gimcrack neo-neoclassicism, Meier has remained an unrepentant circa-1927 Corbusian—modernism's last best heir. "I don't think you change your values every day or every time you do a new building," he says. "If you are worried about style or what is the trend of the moment, you are in trouble."

Meier's architecture is cool and impeccable, deluxe abstract collages of interlocking white-metal-clad boxes and curved white-metal-clad walls, with nothing but

dark punched windows and steel stair rails for exterior ornament. It is architecture for the 21st century as imagined in the early 20th century. There are no diversionary pediments and keystones, only suave geometries and rigorous details. His best-known work has been relatively small-scale zillionaires' villas and a few museums.

Happily, although the Getty complex will contain as much floor space as a skyscraper, Meier has scattered its nearly 1 million sq. ft. among six sharply distinct buildings, none taller than five stories. The largest is the museum, which is, in turn, broken up into five pavilions set around a 1½-acre garden courtyard, interconnected by walkways, some open air. The arrangement means that a visitor's tour will be punctuated by blasts of California blue sky and sunlight: Rembrandt and Ruisdael landscapes interspersed with real-life Pacific vistas.

The one part of the Getty that diverges somewhat from Meier's earlier work is the Center for the History of Art and the Humanities, the intellectual core of the enterprise. Frank Lloyd Wright is one of the gods from whom Meier claims stylistic influence, and the basic form of this building—a five-story cylinder whose salient interior feature is a broad ramp that follows the building's curve as it descends—suggests Wright's Guggenheim Museum with the sides straightened and one large slice of the layer cake removed.

Overall, the stucco and cleft-cut stone will give the Getty a nice grittiness lacking in Meier's previous work. Instead of the usual aloof Meieresque façades, the buildings are full of verve; they are even a bit manic. Instead of sleek uninterrupted planes of metal and glass, there are balconies, loggias and shady brise-soleils. If the new Getty becomes a lively, civilized place, it will be because, for all the white-on-white elegance, it is not pristine and hermetic, not another gorgeous monolith. The rugged terrain and Meier's good planning sense have dictated a dense urban messiness, with odd angles and almost ungainly juxtapositions, rather than some prissy classical grid over which buildings as jewels are dispersed just so.

Construction begins on the main complex next spring, and Meier, whose architecture depends on precision detailing, will have to be especially vigilant about the quality of the Southern California craft: Taco Bell stuccowork won't do. But considering the budget and Meier's habitual perfectionism, it looks as if the Getty Center, when finished in 1996, will have justified all the fuss. —Reported by Daniel S. Levy/New York

Dead End on Sesame Street

Corrupt and corrosive, the big town may be no place to live any more, but Hollywood still likes to visit

By RICHARD CORLISS

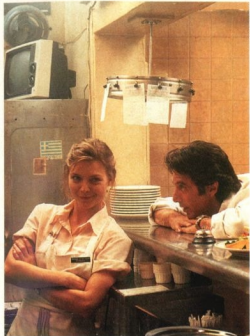
City is a dirty word now. To most Americans it is the hole the welfare state crawled in to die. It is the grand urban experiment—O.K., everybody into the melting pot—gone spectacularly awry. And what's left? The city as techno-sump, the pot of ordure at the end of the rainbow coalition, the dead end of Sesame Street.

Films used to portray New York City as a penthouse aerie, where tuxes and smart chat were mandatory. Moviegoers saw the jagged grandeur of Manhattan's skyline as a cardiogram of American sophistication. Fred Astaire used to symbolize New York; now Al Sharpton does, and the metropolis is just a detention center for too many folks you'd rather not dine with. Rank congestion is the norm; you can't buy your way out of the line of fire. Question: Does anyone still dream of coming to town and becoming a star? Funny answer: Yes, because New York's desperate energy still makes it the most exciting and relevant place to be.

Even Hollywood understands this. The movie bosses—transplanted Easterners, many of them—know that Los Angeles is no city, just a desert suburb with lawn sprinklers, a Disneyland where all the rides are bumper cars, where you can smell a man's exhaust fumes but not his breath on the back of your neck. They may figure, too, that old-city competition and corruption are the best metaphor for their mode of doing business. So in between crafting fantasies of L.A. dolce vita, they make occasional fantasies about the towns they left behind.

Sometimes, as with the new romantic comedy *Frankie & Johnny*, the fantasy is a love song for what's left of New York. Playwright Terrence McNally loves the city as only a recruit from Corpus Christi, Texas, can. Director Garry Marshall, a native New Yorker, loves it as one who has escaped its boundaries but not its nostalgic magnetic pull. So their lovable ex-con Johnny (Al Pacino) may come on to rumpled beauty Frankie (Michelle Pfeiffer) in a workplace seduction straight out of Anita Hill's nightmares, but he's really a sweet guy who can make a cactus bloom. Pacino plays Johnny as if he is New York: pushy, forlorn, indomitable. And Pfeiffer, laying claim to the title of Hollywood's most accomplished stunner, is every skeptic who tried vainly to fight off the city's spell.

Marshall has made some meretricious movies (we'll just mention his last two, *Beaches* and *Pretty Woman*), but in the '70s he produced some bright, populist TV



City lights: Pfeiffer shines for Pacino in *Frankie & Johnny*

comedy (*Laverne and Shirley*, *Mork & Mindy*). No surprise, then, that McNally's play, a bedroom debate for two characters, is now a superior sitcom pilot, with lots of brisk banter and a wacky supporting cast. Setting: West Side luncheonette. Owner: a menschy Greek (Hector Elizondo). Waitresses: sleep-around Cora (Kate Nelligan) and drab, acid Nedda (Jane Morris). Mood: strenuously genial. Take on New York: it's a hard place, but ya gotta go for it.

Just don't go across the river. Writer-director John Sayles calls his shoe-

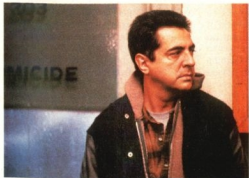
epic *City of Hope*, but to the movie tourist, his fictional Hudson City, N.J., offers a panorama of venality. The mayor's on the take. The establishment is in his pocket and riffling through everyone else's. The local contractor has to let thugs burn one of his buildings down to keep his lay-about son out of jail. The fading Italo grandeas and the blacks on the rise are fighting over scraps, as if they were two generations of a homeless family. It's business as usual for a society at toxic twilight.

What a superb film these stories could make! And what a stately mess Sayles has made of them. The three dozen characters he spills onto the wide screen weave past one another, or arrantly collide, like sodden sparring partners. Talk like them too—Damon Runyon gonifs gone sourly self-conscious. Thanks to cinematographer Robert Richardson, the picture looks great. But it has a tin ear and a soft head. The complex evil of which a big city is capable deserves better than this *reductio ad urbem*.

It deserves *Homicide*, David Mamet's dandy morality play, where bad things not only happen to good people, they are caused by them. Bobby Gold (Joe Mantegna—tops) is an exemplary detective, a daring persuader, who thinks of himself as traditional cops do: in his heart he's Irish. "Let's go see who did what to who," he says, ready to sweet-talk black malefactors into custody. When he's yanked off a big case to handle the murder of an old Jewish woman, he bleats like a kidnapped child. But Bobby is Jewish by blood, and he soon finds out how deep that river runs. Resentment cedes to curiosity, then to admiration, then to a kind of principled betrayal. And as often happens when people follow their root

obsessions, everyone loses big.

Mamet, tweaking orthodoxy, teaches a truism of urban survival: You're what you do (cop work) more than what you are (a Jew). As always, the lesson is in the way his characters say it—whether ornate and muscular, like a Dalí tattoo on a sailor's bicep, or as direct as a ransom note. "I'm 'his people'?" Bobby asks the boss who assigns him to the Jewish case. "I thought I was your people, Lou." That's the kicker to living in the city. Everyone's related; everyone's alone. ■



City blight: Mantegna fights it in *Homicide*

Show Business

Real-Life Davids vs. Goliaths

When amateurs take on the American Gladiators, it makes for a TV show, toys and—who knows?—maybe even a movie

By JANICE C. SIMPSON

We don't know about Elvis, but Walter Mitty lives. You can find him poised atop a 7-ft. platform swinging a big stick at a muscle-bound giant with a name like Laser or Nitro. Or swooping through the air on a bungee cord 15 ft. above the ground, trying to master a kind of aerial basketball. Sound like Mitty's fantasies have got a little outrageous? Obviously, you haven't seen *American Gladiators*, the syndicated television show on which ordinary, albeit very physically fit, people compete in athletic events against a squad of professional male and female athletes and body builders.

A wacky hybrid of sporting event, game show and Roman circus, *American Gladiators* has developed a strong cult following among both adults (who root for the amateur challengers) and kids (who cheer on the cartoonlike gladiators). Ratings have nearly doubled since the show debuted two years ago, making it one of the top five weekly hours currently in syndication. Says gladiator Dan Clark, better known as Nitro: "For the spellers, you've got *Wheel of Fortune*; for the guys who go shopping, you've got *The Price Is Right*; for the athlete, you've got *American Gladiators*."

This month the gladiators are hitting the road for a 100-city cross-country tour in which local jocks will have a chance to take on the titans. "The main attraction of *Gladiators* is that you can come down and be in the show," says Michael Horton, who portrays the gladiator team leader Gemini. "We give the everyday blue-collar person who's kept himself or herself in shape a chance to show what he or she can do." So far, 25,000 have tried out for the television show, and legions more are expected to compete for a slot in the live contests. Just as on the television show, competitors will try to win points by completing tasks such as scaling a 30-ft. wall in 60 sec., while the gladiators try to thwart their efforts.

Only the strongest survive. The very first



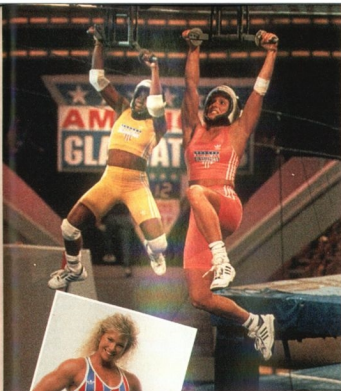
Two titans swoop into action to thwart a challenger, right, in the Swingshot event

round of the tryouts, in which men are required to do 25 pull-ups, and women eight, in 30 sec., eliminates up to 90% of all challengers. The field is further winnowed by subsequent requirements: running the 40-yd. dash in under 6 sec., winning a one-on-one game of tug-of-war, and playing a round of Powerball, a brutal version of tag.

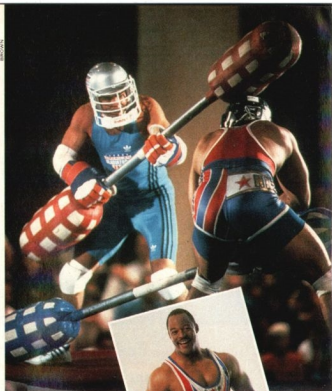
The Top Ten point winners to emerge from the national tour will meet in Atlantic City next May to compete for \$50,000 in prizes. But the major attraction seems to be the chance for the average guy or gal to be more than an armchair athlete. "I've always been pretty athletic, but competition is new to me," says Joseph Mauro, 25, a Brooklyn baker who made it through the trials in New York City. "I'm excited about this because I want to meet those guys in the ring."

Kids love the gladiators because their shows are like real-life video games with living heroes. "I like the way the gladiators make it seem so easy," says Braxton Winston, 8, a Brooklyn fan who watches the TV show with his brother Brandon, 7. The boys' mother Stella is in favor too. "I like them liking the gladiators," she says. "They're good role models. They don't do drugs, they eat the right foods, they take pride in their bodies. They give the children something to strive for."

Merchandisers are racing to cash in on what is shaping up as the next pop-culture craze after the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles. A Nintendo video-game version of *Gladiators* is being readied for release this month. Topps is planning to come out with trading cards of the 10 gladiators. Newhall



Contenders put their agility and tenacity on the line (above, in the Eliminator and the Joust) as they struggle to outperform one another and to survive against challenges from gladiators such as Ice, left, and Gemini, right



Merchandising Concepts, Inc., is whipping up American Gladiators Juniors vitamins for young gladiator wannabes. And Mattel is introducing a line of toys that includes miniature gladiator action figures and small-scale models of events such as the obstacle course, known as the Eliminator. In Hollywood fevered brains are at work, of course, trying to think of a way to develop an animated cartoon series and a movie from all this. "We haven't figured out how to do that yet," confesses Samuel Goldwyn Jr., whose company owns the rights to the show. "Just guys in gladiator suits solving crimes won't do it."

The idea for these latter-day gladiatorial games originated with ironworkers in Erie, Pa. "I wanted a workingman's Olympics," says Dann Carr, a five-time national arm-wrestling champ, who created the contests 20 years ago as entertainment for the annual Erie Iron Workers Union picnic, "but I never thought it would take off like it did."

In 1983 Carr asked his buddy Johnny Ferraro, a one-time Elvis impersonator and a relentless promoter, to help him turn the games into a charity benefit to raise money for a local youth center. When

3,000 people showed up for the event, Ferraro recognized the mass-appeal potential and took the idea to Hollywood. "This was real-life Rocky," he says. It took five years and scores of rejections before the Goldwyn company finally agreed to develop a television series.

The pilot was a disaster. Actors were recruited to play the gladiators and were directed to adopt fake personalities. The costumes were tacky, and the overall style was uncomfortably close to the campiness of pro wrestling. "It was a schlock job," says Ferraro. "Out of a diamond, they gave you a piece of coal."

The concept was reworked to focus on the David-and-Goliath aspects of the competition. New gladiators with backgrounds as professional football players and Olympic competitors were hired. The costumes were redesigned for a sportier look. And,

most important, both gladiators and contenders were directed to play for real. "It's now pure competition," says Horton, a former lineman with the Philadelphia Eagles and Boston Patriots who is the only one of the gladiators from the original pilot still with the show. The authenticity of the competition is driven home by the injuries among gladiators as well as contenders. "We've had broken collar bones, torn up knees and neck damage," says Horton.

Critics initially dismissed the show as "crash television." But viewers liked what they saw: good-looking people, fast action and high drama. Nowadays the producers keep the show fresh by regularly adding new games emphasizing agility and tenacity over brute strength. Sports magazine-style features, such as locker-room interviews with the gladiators and taped profiles of the contenders, have been incorporated for a more upscale look.

Behind the scenes, a delighted Ferraro has trimmed his sideburns and got out of the Elvis business so that he can devote all his energy to *Gladiators*. "Danny and me have invented the nuclear bomb," he says. "And now it's exploding."



A video game and toys are muscling their way into stores



Essay

Barbara Ehrenreich

Women Would Have Known

I imagine giving a group of guys that includes Ted (Chappaquiddick, Palm Beach) Kennedy a case of alleged sexual harassment to review. I have the greatest respect for Kennedy's stalwart liberalism and even for a few of his fellows on the Senate Judiciary Committee, but isn't this a little like asking Michael Milken to monitor the SEC? The Senators, after all, occupy a world where women figure less as friends and colleagues than as dangerous, Donna Rice-like characters, capable of decimating a man's career. In the locker rooms of the U.S. Senate, it's the male who is likely to be seen as a "victim" and the female as a wrecker from hell or the enemy party.

Of course, they "didn't get it," as millions of American women screamed in chorus when they found out that the committee had read Anita Hill's charges of sexual harassment and tossed them into the circular file. Probably nobody ever asked Joe Biden why a cute little number like him would want a career in politics. Chances are no officemate ever let his or her hand drift languorously over John C. Danforth's derrière or inquired as to Orrin Hatch's vital dimensions.

One can just see them sitting there, when Hill's charges first came to their attention, stroking their chins and clearing their throats. Well, he didn't actually touch her. (Harrumph, harrumph.) She waited all this time. (Shifting in seats.) She seems to have kept in touch with him for years afterward. (Rolling of eyes.) Pretty vague anyway, this sex-harassment business: one woman's "harassment" could be another one's turn-on. (Snickers and elbowings, man to man.)

Well, let's consider what sexual harassment is, starting with the grossest, most obvious case, the kind in which there is both "touching" and an explicit quid pro quo: Do this, and you'll get an A. Come in here with me for a moment, and then we'll talk about that promotion or that bonus or whether you're going to have a job tomorrow. Even a Senator, I should

think, would see the crime in this. At best, it's sex for pay. At worst, it's a nonviolent variant of rape in which sex is extracted under threat of economic destruction.

But suppose there's no explicit quid pro quo, just a friendly invitation to party. As either of our two female Senators could have explained without reference to notes, men and women do not yet meet on what is exactly a level playing field. Nine times out of 10, it's the male who has the power, the female who must flatter, cajole and make a constant effort to please. If she turns him down, her career may begin to slide. She won't get the best job assignments. He might not be around when she needs help someday—as Hill apparently did—in getting a job or a grant.

Now suppose that the alleged harassment includes no physical touching, no hands-on (at least, let us assume hands) sex. Even with all hands flat on the desk or table, a peculiar kind of sex can be enacted. If our hypothetical harasser should, hypothetically speaking, memorize the screenplays of porno flicks for the delectation of his female underlings, he is in effect asking them to participate in a sexual tableau of his own devising. Some men pay women for the same service or patronize 900 numbers devoted to dirty talk. To have to listen to a man's sexual fantasies is to be forced, at least for the moment, to share them. (With animals? No kidding.) And that is a level of intimacy that even married people, in couples, often choose to forgo for the sake of their mutual illusions.

Finally, suppose there's no touching, no tableau, no quid pro quo—just a crude exploratory gambit along the lines of "Hiya, babe, you wanna . . . ?" Here too some moral Rubicon has been crossed. Intimacy in a public setting is not just "inappropriate," in the prissy, yuppie sense. It can be deeply insulting, which is why a misapplied *tu* in French or *du* in German can be a fighting word. When we leave our homes to go to work, we assume an impersonal role like "teacher," "secretary" or "judge." We may even don a special costume (black robes, skirted suit) to get the point across: "This is the public me—not the mommy or the sweetheart or the wife, but the secretary or the judge." To be sexually harassed, even verbally, is to have that robe ripped off and the pearls torn from around your neck. The message of the harasser is, *You're* not a secretary, judge, whatever. Not to me you aren't. To me, you're a four-letter word that this magazine refuses to print.

There's hardly a woman alive who doesn't know how it feels to have her dignity punctured, her public role ripped away, by some fellow with a twinge in his groin. You feel naked. You feel that you (yes, you) have made some ghastly mistake, sent the wrong signals, led him along. At first you try to pretend it didn't happen. You may do what I once did and keep lifting his hand off your knee as if it were some object that happened to fall there. You may even maintain the fiction of friendship for years, because anything is better than being demoted, in your own mind, to a deletable four-letter word.

Given the views of Judge Thomas and his supporters, it is a glorious irony that his confirmation process provides such a powerful argument for affirmative action, starting in the U.S. Senate. Fourteen guys *could* have seen sexual harassment as a charge worth following up on from the moment it crossed their desks. At least there is no anatomical defect that prevents the male brain from thinking the thought: "Sexual harassment is a serious offense. Sexual harassment by the one man responsible for investigating cases of sexual harassment would be worse than a serious offense—it would be proof of a brazen contempt for the law."

But they didn't think that. They thought "big deal," or some fancy legal version thereof. And there could be no better proof of the need to start populating positions of power with people of more than one sex. On some subjects, for reasons both historic and tragic, women know best. ■

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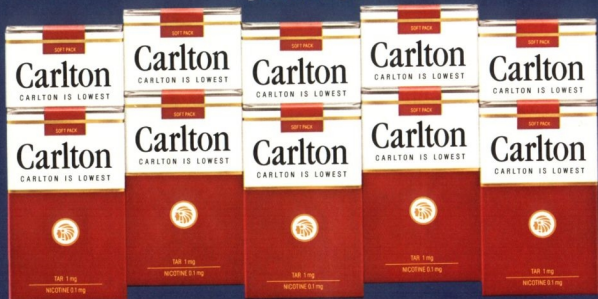
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